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SOUTH WALES



By LAWRENCE TREAT

WHEN I came home from the office I noticed that part of the lawn had been cut. That meant that great events were in the making; Lois had found another couple.

I parked the car in the garage and strode hopefully across the drive-way and watched the front door open. Ronny, slightly amused but otherwise intact, said: "Hello, Daddy. Look what I got!"

I looked. He had a model of a full-rigged ship tied to a string. He'd been sailing it across the hall rug, and with each bump he was destroying hours of work done by a master craftsman.

"Where'd you get that?" I asked. "Gregg give it," he said, cracking two delicate spurs with an affectionate hug. "Nice Gregg."

"Does he want you to break it, too?"

Ronny stared wide-eyed, and then nodded. "Nice Gregg," he repeated.

I went upstairs, past a tantalising kitchen aroma, and found Lois in front of her dressing-table, already changed into evening dress for the party we were going to that night.

I kissed her. "Help problem solved?" I said casually as I proceeded to change myself.

She nodded happily.

"They came for an interview with all their belongings. By midday Marta was settled in the kitchen and served me the most delicious lunch. Gregory took care of Ronny all the afternoon and I was able to leave the house for the first time in a week."

"Don't overdo it," I said. "A man doesn't like to spend his time taking care of a kid—even a kid like Ronny."

"Gregory loved it," Lois exclaimed. Then she frowned slightly.

"Gregory's quite a character," she said.

As usual, she was understating the facts.

We were in the living-room when Gregg made his first appearance. He'd known we were dressing for a party, no doubt, and fallen into line. He stood in the doorway and trumpeted, in a voice like a foghorn.

"Hey! Chow's ready." He gestured in the general direction of the

dining-room. As I reached the doorway he slapped me on the back and whispered: "And wait till you see what we got! Something special, boss."

I grunted. I've never stood on ceremony, but my first impression of Gregg was a mixed one. Something, say, between a guardian angel and an executioner. The impression persisted throughout dinner, with Gregg shoving platters in our faces and keeping up a running comment.

"This casserole—nothing like it in the world. . . . Take a little more of them carrots. . . . Hey, look out! You'll spill the stuff. . . . These plates are too fancy. You ought to get something solid that don't break too easy."

I took my cue from Lois. After all, the house was her business, and it was up to her to hire and fire. If she could take it so could I. I like to get along with people. Keep 'em happy, I say, and they'll work themselves to the bone for you.

Besides, it was the best dinner I'd had for years. If Gregg was a character, Marta, whom I hadn't seen yet, was a genius.

We were having our coffee when the phone rang. It was Edith Feldman, which meant that Lois would be busy for at least 15 minutes. So I was glad when Gregg strode in.

"How's for a game of pool, boss?" he said.

"How about the washing-up?" I retorted.

"Marta will take care of it," he said. "She always does."

I didn't want to cross him the first night, so I decided to humor him. Keep 'em happy. Besides I had an idea forming.

I'm no mean pool player. I might not be able to make a living at the game, but I didn't put that table down in the basement just for looks. I'd take him on for a couple of games and put him in his place. Then I'd walk out without saying a word. That ought to soften him up a bit.

I led the way down to the rum-pus room, selected my favorite cue and began chalking it. "Must make it interesting," I said casually, and took a ten shilling note out of my pocket and put it on the window sill. He hadn't figured on cash, but he realised he'd started this and couldn't back out. He went through his pockets as if he didn't really ex-

"Look out! You'll spill the stuff," the butler cried warningly.

pect to find anything, but in the end he came up with a folded, crumpled, moth-eaten piece of paper which the Government had originally issued as currency. He dropped it alongside my note.

"Shoot for the break?" he asked.

We shot. I won, of course. I know the roll of that table and I can put the ball where I want it. I did just that. Then he racked up the balls and I shot. Nothing fancy. I dropped one in the corner pocket, put away a hanger and an easy one and then sank a pair down at the other end of the table.

Gregg's ears seemed a little farther apart than before, but he lost none of his serenity. He showed mild interest, perhaps, but not the admiration I'd expected. I deliberately picked a hard shot, just to show him, and missed by a hair.

He studied the table. The easy one I'd passed up was still there but the hard one hadn't changed.

"Ten-ball, same as you tried," he said. "Only you should have done it like this."

He sent it clear round the table and put it away neatly. Then he cleaned up the remaining balls, picked up the two notes and said, "Another?"

Please turn to page 10

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"It would do you good to talk," Betsy said with forced calmness.

WOMAN ALONE

"Yes, yes!" Her eyes brightened with desperation. "That is it, too far away. I must go there, yes?"

Betsy smiled at her reassuringly. "But if she's in a hospital and has a good doctor that's the most important thing. She's better off in their hands because they're trained for cases like Nella's."

"No, Bossy Lady, no." The tears were standing motionless in her brown eyes. "You don't understand my Nella. My Nella, she will cry, and on what? White starched nurses?"

"What do you want of me?" Betsy strove to keep the annoyance out of her voice.

"I want you should advance me on my embroidery work. I need the money now, train costs lots money."

"Mrs. Brodaslav." Betsy's voice took on the patience that it did when she explained something to a child. "I know how you feel. You've had bad news, you're excited, but look at it calmly. You can't afford to go to Montreal. And, besides, you know our rule, no advances."

The old woman's hand closed

By... **BARBARA SHERMAN**

tightly around Betsy's wrist. "I must go to Montreal!" she said.

"It's the hardest thing about being a mother, isn't it, Mrs. Brodaslav, to learn that our children have got to stand alone on their own feet. Nella will get well faster if she isn't upset—and you will upset her if you go out there. I'm sorry, Mrs. Brodaslav."

The old woman released the hold she had on Betsy as if suddenly she wanted to push her away.

Betsy stood up. She looked down for a moment at the red ring above her hand. "Good night, Mrs. Brodaslav," she said.

The old woman walked heavily across the room. She turned suddenly, with her hand on the door-knob.

"Maybe your girl different," she said.

Betsy Blake had trained herself to shut the door on Women's Industries Inc. and leave it there until she came back the next morning. It was her night to go to Lisa's for dinner. To-morrow night Lisa would

have dinner with her. An ideal arrangement, really, she had said to all her friends who asked why Lisa had moved into her own apartment the summer she graduated from college.

As she rode in the taxi she was thinking about Lisa and what good friends they were. And what good friends they had been ever since that night when Lisa was a year old and she, Betsy, had gone to the yacht club to pick up Gerald.

"I'll surely be back by six," her husband had said, standing under her window that morning while he buttoned himself into his slacker.

Surely be back. Surely be back. Surely be back by six. She had said it over confidently that evening, standing on the yacht club porch. Then all of a sudden it was dark and she had run out to the edge of the float, as if standing staring into the darkness would bring him safely in.

Afterward Granny had been very gentle with her.

Granny, who had been father and mother to her after her own had died.

Granny was right there. Betsy had reached out in that moment, reached out to Granny as she had never wanted to reach out before.

But there was only a stranger standing there in an old blue flannel bathrobe, someone a thousand miles away whom she could not get to at all.

She had never forgotten the lesson she had learned that night. She had learned it quickly and cruelly, how each human is ultimately alone in the things he must meet.

Granny had been shocked when Betsy got a job. "What's the good of having an old woman around if she can't write a few cheques?"

Betsy had laughed and said, "Hush yourself, Granny." Because how could she explain that she knew if she stayed Lisa would be smothered, would become her compensation for Gerald. And Lisa must never feel the lost feeling she had had when she stood that night at the foot of the stairs. Lisa must be trained to meet her crises on her own feet.

Please turn to page 23

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 5, 1946

A Ship's a Lady Too

By ALEC RACKOWE

THE destroyer H.M.C.S. Humber, with a commission even newer than that of Sub-Lieutenant David Ames, R.C.N.V.R., pitched in the choppy North Atlantic as if she had no taste for it.

As the watch changed the skipper came from the chartroom into the pilot-house. A spate of rain blurred the glass in the ports, and the wipers began to sweep regularly back and forth, but the rain was gone almost as quickly as it had come.

Lieut.-Commander Peters was broad-shouldered and tall. He wore a grey pullover and his jacket was unbuttoned. His cap sat on one side of his head, and he took the salutes impersonally, his eyes just touching Davy, his head slightly bent as if he was listening to some new sound the Humber would think up.

"Two of a kind," Davy Ames thought disconsolately. "Me and the Humber. Washouts both."

Lieut. Thomas, the O.D., said, "Steering two five zero, Gyro. Checking two six five magnetic, sir."

"Very good, Mr. Thomas." The skipper stepped out to the starboard wing and Davy followed. Being the skipper's aide wasn't the fun he had hoped. The rain-fresh air was wet and heavy. With spray beating against the dodger you couldn't hear the sounds the Humber was making.

Out here, off the shipping lanes, the sea was empty. The Humber headed for home, apparently not the least concerned that she was in disgrace; that her attitude seemed contagious.

Ever since the crew had come from the receiving ship, ever since the Humber had gone out beyond Newfoundland for her trials and her preparations for active service, she had brought nothing but a welter of accident and incident that had only served to intensify the lack of harmony in the crew.

Everything possible had gone wrong. Six casualties in the engine-

room; confusion over the phones. A green crew that remained green, with enmities that grew worse instead of clearing up as the men got used to their new home. The firing tests had practically shaken loose the after deckhouse.

The Humber had limped back to Halifax indifferently, and the crew had already begun to speak of her with mock respect as Mrs. Jonah.

Captain Peters lowered his binoculars. "Stand by, Mr. Ames. Keep your eyes peeled."

"Aye, aye, sir." Davy didn't watch the skipper go. He moved the length of the dodger, from wing to wing, glad to be by himself. He wasn't in favor. He hadn't fitted in any better than the boots in the crew. He still felt himself on sufferance in the wardroom. He still was certain he wasn't making good.

The Humber pitched and rolled. Not jauntily, but protestingly. They'd done some repairs on her at the Yard. She'd pushed on up to St. John's to join the flotilla on convoy duty.

Three days out of St. John's she'd been called on for a few extra revs and she'd developed a shake in her port shaft that threatened to spring every plate from her frame. The Captain D had ordered her back to the Yard. And here she was easing back, a bitter taste in every mouth for'ard and nothing but dissension aft.

Davy swore softly as he leaned on the dodger and looked out at the heaving grey-green sea.

He'd come aboard with such high hopes. His first ship and her skipper a hero even in a service where heroes were plentiful. He'd reported in Halifax and he'd blessed his double-dosed luck. A brand-new ship and Sarah Jane James a dime's journey away. A nickel on the trolley and the other nickel on the bus. A man couldn't ask for more than that.

He swore again under his breath and moved to the port wing, then turned and came back to starboard.

Please turn to page 28

Sarah Jane seemed different, he thought, with this sophisticated crowd about her.

HAIR



Your crowning glory may attract the admiring eye. But what's the use if your hirsute limbs repel? Hirsute? Shs-ss... it's the polite word for hairy (even the word is unpleasant). And unsightly hair on your limbs is strictly taboo!

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MURDER'S SO PERMANENT

Brilliant mystery serial by
EDITH HOWIE

THE murdered body of JANET METCALFE is found in the dumb waiter at the Edgewater Public Library by her librarian friend, LINDA WARE.

Inquiries suggest that she was murdered because she was on the track of a culprit responsible for mysterious trouble at the Gardner Machine Works, where she was secretary to wealthy CHARLES HAYNES GARDNER.

Linda had just become engaged to Charles Gardner's grandson, ANDY HARCOURT, but the match is opposed by both Gardner and his daughter-in-law, ELSA, as they want Andy to marry his cousin, GLORIA GARDNER. Janet had also feared opposition from the Gardners in her romance with IRVEN WAGNER, Elsa's son by a former marriage.

LIEUTENANT WORRALL is in charge of investigations. A puzzling feature of the case is the disappearance of MARILYN FRANK, pet young librarian, immediately after the discovery of the murder, while the mystery deepens with a bomb outrage at the Gardner plant which kills BILL THOMAS, watchman to whom Janet had entrusted a letter telling Charles Gardner of her suspicions.

In an interview in Worrall's office, Linda admits that she suspects Irven Wagner of the murder. Driving her back afterwards to the Gardner home where she has been staying since the murder, Worrall tells her that Elsa Gardner had had a key of the library but that it disappeared.

Linda continues her story:-

IT wasn't until we were fairly outside the Gardner house that I remembered to propound another question. It was one that bothered me a lot when I stopped to think about it.

"What about Marilyn?" I asked. "She disappeared on Saturday morning. This is Sunday night. What's happened to her? Haven't you any idea?"

"I have ideas—yes," Richard Worrall told me. "Information—no."

"Is she—" I was almost afraid to ask it—"alive?"

"We have every reason to believe that she is."

It wasn't the sort of answer I wanted. I looked at him with exasperation. "I wish you sounded surer," I muttered.

"If it's any comfort to you," he told me, "I honestly believe that Miss Frank is perfectly safe and will be—so long as she remains hidden."

I caught my breath. "She knows something then?"

"I believe so. If she does not know, she suspects."

He said one other thing which I thought strange. It was at the door just before he left me. He said, "Miss Ware, I wish you would promise me one thing. Do not try to find out too much. It's not safe."

I said, "I don't understand," but that was a lie. I did.

He was cleverer than I. He said gravely, "I think you do. I think that you don't want to—understand. But, believe me—there is no middle way possible to take against crime. The police, awkward, bungling as they may be, are trained for their work. It's their profession. And the brilliant amateur who solves cases with ease under the very noses of the police is a rare phenomenon."

"I don't know what you mean," I protested, "unless you're warning me against the Gardners." Then as he said nothing, I went on: "Do you want me to leave this house?"

"No," he said, "I would rather you stayed for the present at least. I am only warning you against taking unnecessary risks. Murder's a pretty permanent way of getting rid of people who know too much."

He said good-night then and left me, a straight, quick-moving figure hidden almost at once by a curtain of falling snow.

I hated to go into the house. I had no idea of the time, but I suspected it was late. If I had to walk into a star chamber of accusing faces.

But I didn't. The hall was warm, silent, welcoming. The rest of the lower floor was dark save for the edges of a light that came from the living-room. I walked to the door and looked in.

Charles Haynes Gardner sat in a large chair close to the brightly burning fire. His feet were on an ottoman. He had been reading. There was a low table beside him on which were piled the books he had taken from the library on Friday. He removed his reading-glasses and gestured to me.

"Come in—come in. Sit down and warm yourself. Colder, is it? Still snowing?"

His voice was kind. I came and spread my hands to the blaze. He studied me with shrewd intentness.

"The policeman kept you late," he said at last. And indeed he had. The mantel clock showed it was past eleven. "What did he want of you?"

The question was so abrupt and unexpected that I almost answered it, unthinking. Caution checked me.

"Oh, I don't know," I said wearily. "He asked me a lot of questions—questions about Janet that I couldn't answer. I don't seem to have known her very well, Mr. Gardner."

"No?" He didn't seem surprised. "I don't think anyone did. She was very like her father—a brilliant man who determinedly kept his light hidden under a bushel. He divided his life irrevocably into two parts. By day he earned a precarious living at the law. By night he entered the world of knowledge and his real life. His home was a citadel, inviolate, for no one entered save by invitation, and he had no friends. He was content with his daughter and his books. Janet was very like him."

"Janet loved her work, Mr. Gardner."

"I know—I know." He waved that away. "Yet the work was only a substitute for something else. If Janet had married—"

"She wanted to marry Irven Wagner," I said accusingly. "Why—"

He stopped me with uplifted hand. "So I have been told. As to their reasons for not marrying I do not know. I have not discussed it with Irven. He was in a position to marry. That he did not is his own affair. I should not have objected to Janet."

Anger, rootless and deep, stirred me. "Yet you object to me," I said in a low voice.

"Irven is not of my blood. The plant cannot, conceivably, come to him. It must be Gloria's. And Andrew's. I do not like divided houses. If they should marry—"

"You do not believe that it is possible for two people to be too close in blood?"

Something, rather like pain, stirred across his face.

"Yes," he said. "I know it is possible. First cousins, eh? That is what you object to? But they are only half Gardners. Gloria is a clever girl—"

"Andy," I said firmly, "loves me."

"Out with it, girl! Tell me what you're getting at!" he said fiercely.

His glance, resting on me, softened to something akin to pity. "Well, well," he said. "Perhaps you're right. We shall see."

The anger in me was strengthening. I felt young, unwanted, helpless. Where was Andy and why should I be called upon to defend our right to marriage—alone? Only a short time ago it had been romantic and a little thrilling to wear Andy's ring and, secure in his protection, to know myself unwelcome to his people. But that had been two days ago and now I was well within the stronghold of the Gardners, and I was still unwelcome and I didn't like it.

There had been, during these last two days, fleeting moments when I had wondered if marrying Andy would be worth the embarrassment and heartbreak it was entailing.

Crime solution is no work for amateurs, the young detective warned her grimly.

I felt confused and afraid, and because I was afraid I dared much. I said, "Mr. Gardner, will you tell me one thing? Does the plant mean so much to you—more even than your grandson's happiness?"

His answer came without hesitation.

"It does. I built it. It is mine. When I look at it, it is to see the whole course of my life—the boy who dreamed, the young man who worked and achieved, the old man who has watched his dreams come to fruition. I have been a creator. With my own hands and brain I have made a thing and I have found it—good."

The fierceness of his pride terrified me. I forgot my own fears in sympathy for him. Because it was pride that was wasted, pride that must die in the ashes of disillusion. I knew it was so. I said, gently now, "But what if—if Andy doesn't feel like that? What if he doesn't care?"

I caught him unawares. I struck to his most vulnerable region, his

most secret doubt. I saw the hand that held the reading-glasses tremble.

"I will still have Gloria."

Just like that. If Andy proved unworthy, then Andy must go. Gloria and the plant, the thing he had made, would still remain.

I was utterly sorry for him. But I was sorrier still for Gloria upon whom, instinct told me, his hopes must have their surest foundation.

The book that had lain against his chest slid to the floor. I picked it up and handed it to him. He thanked me, closed it, and put it aside. "Detective stories," he muttered. "Odd. I read them. She—lives them."

It hadn't been meant for conversation. I knew that. The words had merely marked another of those lapses into communion with himself, but I picked it up.

I said, "It's more than that, isn't it?"

It was his turn to question. "What do you mean?"

There was no good in backing down. I said, "I mean that I don't think you are just reading those books for amusement, Mr. Gardner. I think you have another reason. When you first asked me for them in the library, you told me you wanted to learn how to kill a man and leave no trace. I thought you were joking then. I don't now. I knew you were proud of the plant, Mr. Gardner, but I didn't know how proud. Now I do. You've told me."

"And because you have, I can believe that your statement in the library wasn't just an idle jest. I believe—I honestly believe that you would prefer to do murder yourself rather than that—"

"Awkwardly I fumbled for the words—'than that dishonor should come to Gardners!'" "Murder! Dishonor!" From under their heavy brows his eyes glared at me. "You use strange terms, young woman. Are you accusing me of murder?"

Hurriedly I assured him that I wasn't. I had been only—well, making a guess at character analysis. How he would react in a hypothetical situation.

"But hypothetical situations sometimes have their foundations in fact," he said slowly. His eyes had ceased their glaring. They now stared straight before him and it was as though they saw something which only they could see. He spoke again, softly, and it was not meant for me.

"Dishonor, she said. There's but the one place from which it could come—from one of my own. Hypothetical cases—bah! She knows unless . . . Out of the mouths of babes . . . Does that mean that the police know too? Does it?"

That last came in a great roar. I had turned away, but now he was out of his chair, his hand grasping my shoulder.

"Is that it?" he demanded fiercely. "Is it, hey? Out with it, girl! Tell me what you're getting at. Stop goggling at me like a fool and say something."

How could you say something with your head banging back and forth? Angry now, I jerked free.

"Leave me alone!" I said, furious too. "I'll tell you what I know—I mean to all along. I think you have the right to know. Only—I won't be bullied into telling it, even by you. I don't belong to your precious family! I've still got a soul I can call my own!"

The anger left him. Once again he sat back in his chair, no more than a shrunken, disillusioned old man.

"You're right, my dear, I was bullying you. I beg your pardon. My only excuse is that I want very much to know what you can tell me."

I dared one thing more—not kind, but I wasn't feeling kind. "Are you sure you don't already know all of it?"

He waved that away. "Perhaps. What does that matter? Tell me."

So that was how I came to break the promise I hadn't given Lieutenant Worrall. My story, once I came to tell it, sounded lame even to myself, no more than a mass of conjecture and unfounded accusation. My tongue was awkward at it; it halted, faltered, died out at last altogether.

"And that's all," I finished, almost inaudibly.

Please turn to page 31



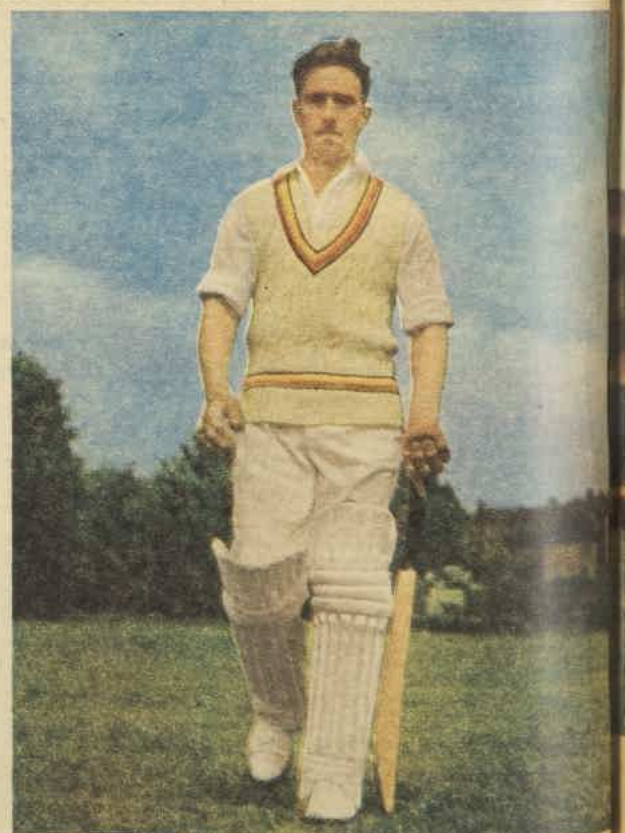
Alec Bedser in action

● English cricket "hope" Alec Bedser (above) demonstrates his fast medium right-hand bowling which is expected to trouble the Australians. Top left: Bedser completes his run to the bowling crease. Top right: Begins his delivery. Lower left: Carries his weight on to his left foot, brings arm over. Lower right: Having delivered the ball follows through as the ball speeds down the pitch.

★ ★ ★

Denis Compton

● Two studies of handsome Denis Compton on this page and one on the opposite page show the brilliant batsman who hit up a century in his first Test against Australia. Compton proved the champion nursemaid of the team on the Stirling Castle when he helped to mind war brides' babies.



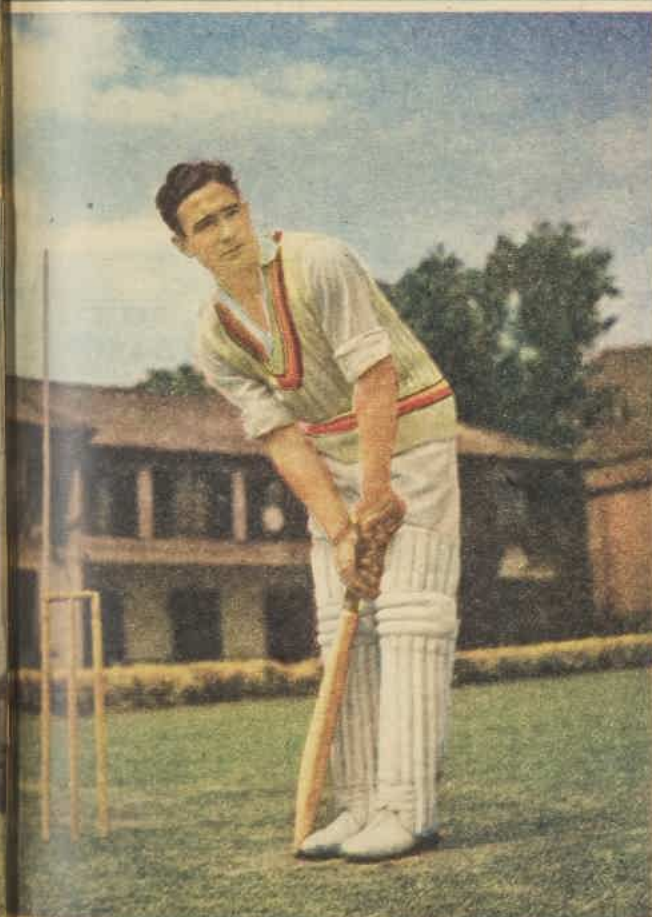
English Test cricketers...

★ English Test cricketers who will try to win the Ashes in the forthcoming Australian series are seen in action in these color shots. Team has many outstanding players, but fans mourn the loss of veterans like Kenneth Farnes and Hedley Verity, Test bowlers, who were killed in action during the war.



● Blue sky and green of an English cricket ground make a colorful background for Douglas Wright as he limbers up before a match. The first Test will begin in Brisbane on November 29.

● Kent bowler Douglas Wright sends down a delivery at a recent match in England. After play he likes to relax with a book and pipe, his favorite author being Dickens.



● Batsman Denis Compton, youngest in England's team, is on first trip out here. He has already made a name for himself in England-Australia matches, having played in four Tests during 1938 series.

● Cricket twins, Alec (left) and Eric Bedser, both bowlers in the Surrey team, are so alike that even fellow players cannot tell them apart. They have been together practically all their lives, and were disappointed when only Alec was chosen for Test team.



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They are meant for you!



Gaynor
AUSTRALIA'S LOVELIEST SHOES

Keep 'Em Happy

Continued from page 3

I NODDED. It was still his turn. He'd been born and brought up in a pool hall and he won the second game without any effort.

"I better see how Maria's getting along," he said. "The first night in a strange place she always needs a little organising." He went out as if he regretted the fact that I couldn't give him real competition.

I followed him upstairs. Lois had finished her phone call and she slipped her arm easily through mine. "How do you like Gregory?" she asked.

"His wife's the best cook we ever had," I answered.

Lois beamed. "I knew you'd like him," she said, with her peculiar brand of logic. "Shall we go now?"

I saw Marta at breakfast the next morning. She was a mild, meek woman with orderly features. The eggs were perfect, and she made coffee the way it is supposed to be made. When I complimented her she smiled in embarrassment.

Gregg had the car waiting in front of the door when I came out. I climbed in and said, "Thanks."

He looked at me critically. "This heap of yours is in bad shape," he remarked.

"Yes," I said. "You can't get a mechanic around here unless your car's falling apart. However, you can overhaul it any time you feel like it." And I drove off.

When I got home that evening the lawn was mowed and the bathroom tap didn't drip any more. I remarked about it to Lois.

"Yes," she said. "It's a funny thing about Gregory. The man who fixed the lawn mower yesterday tried it out on that one strip. Then to-day it didn't work and he had to come back. He mowed the rest of it. I'm wondering how it'll get done next time."

I gave her a sharp look. "About this tap—we've been trying for six months to get the plumber here. I know he won't go anywhere unless it's an emergency."

"But it was," said Lois. "We had no water, and that's what brought him. The tap was an afterthought once he was here."

"What was the matter with the water?" I asked.

Lois shrugged. "I don't know. Something was clogged, but Gregg fixed it while the plumber was on his way over. So he just worked on the tap."

"So Gregg fixed the water, eh?" I repeated. I was beginning to respect Gregg.

After dinner I went down to the rumpus room to have a heart-to-heart talk about the water, but Gregg smiled when I mentioned the plumbing.

"Just one of those things," he said. "They go haywire and then they're all right again."

I lost a pound, but Lois and I went out.

On the third night, for the usual pound, I learned from Gregg's own lips that he was an expert auto mechanic, an electrician, a mason, and a born woodsman.

"If you're such a good mechanic, why couldn't you fix the power mower?" I asked.

"That's different," he said. "But wait till the week-end, when I can work on that heap of yours. She'll run like new." He sent one the length of the table, dropped it in a corner pocket, and took the two notes.

On Saturday I asked Gregg to chop down the big oak that had begun to rot. I figured he'd be at it all day, that his hands would be blistered, and every muscle in him would ache. I'd take him over at pool in the evening, and this time I'd win.

After lunch he disappeared. He had an axe on his shoulder, and he was whistling. I gave him a couple of hours and then took a stroll. At the garage I had my first surprise. Jimmy Wilson, the mechanic, was buried underneath the bonnet of my car.

I said, "Hello, Jimmy."

He untangled himself and grinned. "Oh, hello, Mr. Carr. I hope you don't mind. That butler of yours

was fooling around with the engine and he got me sort of interested. Jimmy had a dazed expression. "I don't know just where he went—he was here a minute ago."

"He's chopping down a tree," I said. "When you finish up, Jimmy, come inside and have a beer. I don't know why you bother working on my car—"

He interrupted. "Oh, that's all right. As a matter of fact, I have a little bet with Gregg. I stand to win if I get the knock out of this motor. I'll win it easy. I'll just check over everything."

I turned away. That car had a trick piston that knocks. It has knocked since the day I bought it. I'd had a run-in with the dealer about it and lost. Gregg must have caught on fast. Still...

I heard the axe strokes as I went up the slope. Gregg was working hard. It remained to be seen how much he was accomplishing, but at least I had the satisfaction of making him sweat.

In view of my reasoning I was surprised to see, from the top of the hill, the recumbent figure of Gregg. He was leaning against a tree and smoking peacefully, but the axe strokes were vigorous and incessant.

Somehow I knew precisely what I'd find. I remembered Ed Borden, the scoutmaster, saying on Wednesday evening, "I've got those kids next Saturday and I'm supposed to teach them woodcraft. I haven't worked out yet just what I'm going to do with them."

Gregg had worked it out for him. I approached a little nearer and saw seven boy scouts busy on the big oak. I tiptoed back to the house. That evening I lost, as usual, at the pool.

On Sunday Gregg and Marta had the day off and I lent them the car to get to the station. The last I saw of them Gregg was at the wheel, smiling and very evidently pleased with the way the car was running. Marta, quiet and meek as ever, was sitting next to him and staring at him in a daze of admiration. Probably he'd just told her how he'd fixed the car.

Lois and I went to bed early. We mentioned the new couple briefly. It was clear not only that Lois was pleased with the way the house was running, but that she was happier and less worried than she'd been in months. When I thought back to the succession of kleptomaniacs, dipsomaniacs, octogenarians, and mental defectives who'd been with us for periods varying from a day to a month or two, Gregg seemed an easy thing to put up with.

At the worst, I told myself, he was a little unconventional. He cost me a few quid at pool, but I enjoyed watching him handle a cue. And some day, I promised myself, I was going to beat him. Just once was all I asked.

But next night he gave me the usual trimming. As he pocketed the two notes, he said, "I wanted to ask you something. There's an uncle of mine wants to come up here for a little while. He'll work around the place and make himself useful, and you won't have to pay him anything. Just the grub he eats. Okay, boss?"

I knew what was up. The uncle was going to do Gregg's work—what there was of it. Just how Gregg would manage I didn't know, but I had a lot of confidence in his ability. And besides I had a scheme of my own.

A couple of evenings later the uncle arrived. He was a small, chinless man. The first I saw of him was just before dinner. Lois and I were playing with Bonny when there was a shrill, strident whistle, reminiscent of a fight fan giving the raspberry.

I looked up and saw a stranger standing there in Gregg's white coat. As soon as he saw he had our attention, he saluted smartly and said, "Dinner is served." Then he did an about-face and vanished.

Please turn to page 23



"What's the good
of flowers...
when I buy them
for myself?"

"My friends say I look like a
film-star, but no one ever asks
me out, much less sends me
flowers or chocolates."

The trouble is that none of
your friends are frank enough
to tell you the real reason.

Men shun a girl who is not as
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Just a dab of smooth, harmless
Mum under each arm will end
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Thirty seconds with Mum will
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Get a jar of Mum to-day.

MUM

takes the odour
out of perspiration

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**If you're going to
see the matches...**

● Yellow linen suit with new cut-away front, saddle-stitched yoke, and open-fronted jacket. The brown-and-white-spot blouse has large, floppy bow and three-quarter sleeves which show below the jacket sleeve.

● Peplum hip interest shows the trend in high fashioned cottons, like this two-piece (below) in satin-striped cambray with bias-cut vestee effect and the top nipped into a tiny waist.

● In clear red linen-like rayon is fashioned a perfect little summer casual. A huge, wide quilted lapel with gold button and a beige leather nail-headed belt are new features.

● A crisp two-piicer in corded spun-cotton has cool, wide, cap sleeves in one with the bodice, and a clever neckline in a keyhole shape.

● A woven check cotton makes this suit with wide-open neckline, new, long jacket, and white starched collar and cuffs outlined with grosgrain ribbon.



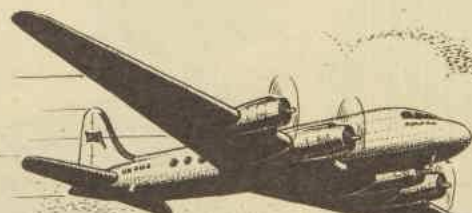
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and economy of A.N.A. air travel, without the necessity of booking far in advance and *with* the assurance of returning on a pre-determined day.



WING YOUR WAY WITH





● Married before leaving for Australia, N. W. D. Yardley, the Yorkshire amateur cricketer who is to tour Australia as vice captain with the Test team, and his bride, Miss Antonia Marguerite Meares, who were married at Denby, Derbyshire, on August 1.

The girls they left behind them...



● Amusements are simple in the little village of Miles Green, near Stoke-on-Trent, where friends of the local cricket prodigy, Jack Ikin, come round for a sing-song while Jack's wife plays.



● "Billy," Cyril Washbrook's cocker spaniel, regards any intruder into their home as a fast bowler intending to take his master's wicket! Cyril is photographed with his pretty wife.



● Lancashire's red-haired bowler, Dick Pollard, photographed with his wife, Elsie, who was his childhood sweetheart. Their champion Chow dog, "Blim," has already won 55 prizes.



● Wicketkeeper-batsman Paul Gibb doesn't mind wheeling the pram for his young wife when they go out walking with two-year-old baby Christopher. (See story on English players; P 17).

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7

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2. Chew food thoroughly.
3. Take a daily bath.
4. A long walk, or similar exercise, each evening is suggested for office and other non-manual workers.
5. Get 8 hours' sleep in room with opened windows.
6. Cultivate cheerful outlook; don't worry.
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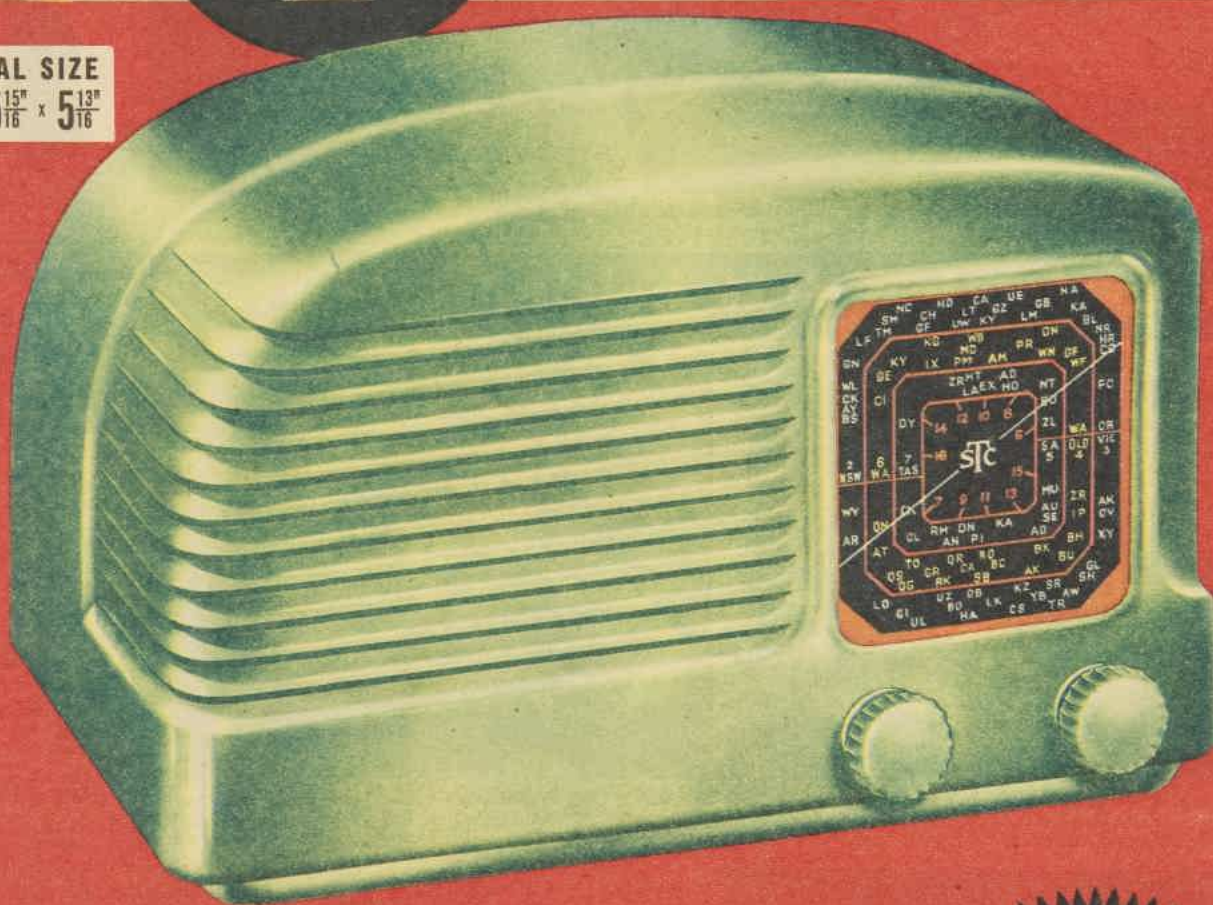
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Sunlight—and you

● Of course you have visions of a sleek
coat of tan for this summer, and you want
it, I imagine, in the least painful fashion.

By CAROLYN EARLE

WHILE there are invariably a few hardy souls who,
each season, seem willing to suffer in the cause of
color, they are, fortunately, in the foolish minority,
usually among the ranks of those who think they'll never
tan—just burn—and proceed to sear themselves to a crisp.

Actually this need not be a summer of monotonous burn—suffer—
peel—to prove goodness-knows-what. Instead you should quite delib-
erately decide upon the color most glamorous for you—be it honey, sepi-
a, gold, olive, or whatever degree of darkness you fancy—work up to it
gradually, and nurse it along carefully.

That's probably the identical thing you've tried doing for seasons
past, which makes it your cue to ask, "Well, just how does one go about
making this changeover from winter white to summer dark without
incidental pain and appearance hazards?" Simply this: Get to know
a bit about the sun as it applies to you (without benefit of suntan
preparations in the first place), and after that . . . it becomes a matter
for your own discretion and good timing.

How to acquire—and keep—an attractive shade

LOTS and lots of folk firmly believe they cannot tan, but merely burn.
Yet dermatologists tell us only a very small percentage come into the
non-tanning ranks; so the chances are almost entirely in your favor,
even though you ordinarily tan with difficulty and burn to a cinder.

The factor that determines whether you will tan or burn is the
amount of ultra-violet light that reaches your skin in relation to the
quantity of pigment present in the skin. Now, pigment, as most people
know, is a defence mechanism in the upper layers of the skin which
protects underlying tissues from harmful effects of sunlight. The action
of the sun on this substance produces tan (we hope)—sometimes it's
freckles. The more pigment you have, the easier—the darker—the more
lasting your tan. Negroes have a great deal of pigment; albinos have
none. In between these two extremes are the redheads, with very little
pigment protection, and brunettes, with the most. Blondes and copper-
tops tan slowly and the color fades more quickly.

Just a moderate amount of sun will give a slight tan to a dark skin
in a few days—the same amount of sun on a fair skin may result in
a painful burn because of the thin protecting coat of pigment.

Treat hot midday sun with due respect

NOW—and we don't want to become too technical—there are many
branches to the family of light; ultra-violet is the one that makes
Vitamin D—the one that burns the skin and tans it. Within the ultra-
violet menage there are long, short, and intermediate rays—the longest,
ones gentle and mild, doing little searing harm, but rather helping in
the tanning project. The shortest rays are most often the burning ones;
the medium ones veer a little either way. In all three types the action
is the same—only the intensity differs.

Then the time of the day and the time of the year enters into it;
in early morning or late afternoon there is less ultra-violet because the
light is absorbed somewhat; in winter the rays hit the earth indirectly,
but come summer-time and what happens? Straight down they come,
beaming brightly and hotly—which explains why the hot weather midday
sun must be treated with serious respect.

It has been calculated—and this is by no means a yardstick, because
everyone differs—that 15 minutes midsummer—midday—will produce a
minimum reddening. Thirty minutes, a vivid red. Eighty minutes, a
painful burn. Anything after that, a blistering, dangerous burn. Don't
let it happen, ever. Two hours before or after high noon are one-third
as potent as at the stroke of 12.

And the whole tanning system is intensified 100 per cent. on those
bright but cloudy or hazy days—well known for producing the most
devilish burn of all—if you are on the sea—in the snow—or spreadeagled
on the sand—because, although at that time there is not actually as
much ultra-violet present as on sunny days, the haze acts as a reflector,
and you get the concentrated, multiple-reflected light.

Briefly, that's it; now to your scheduling.

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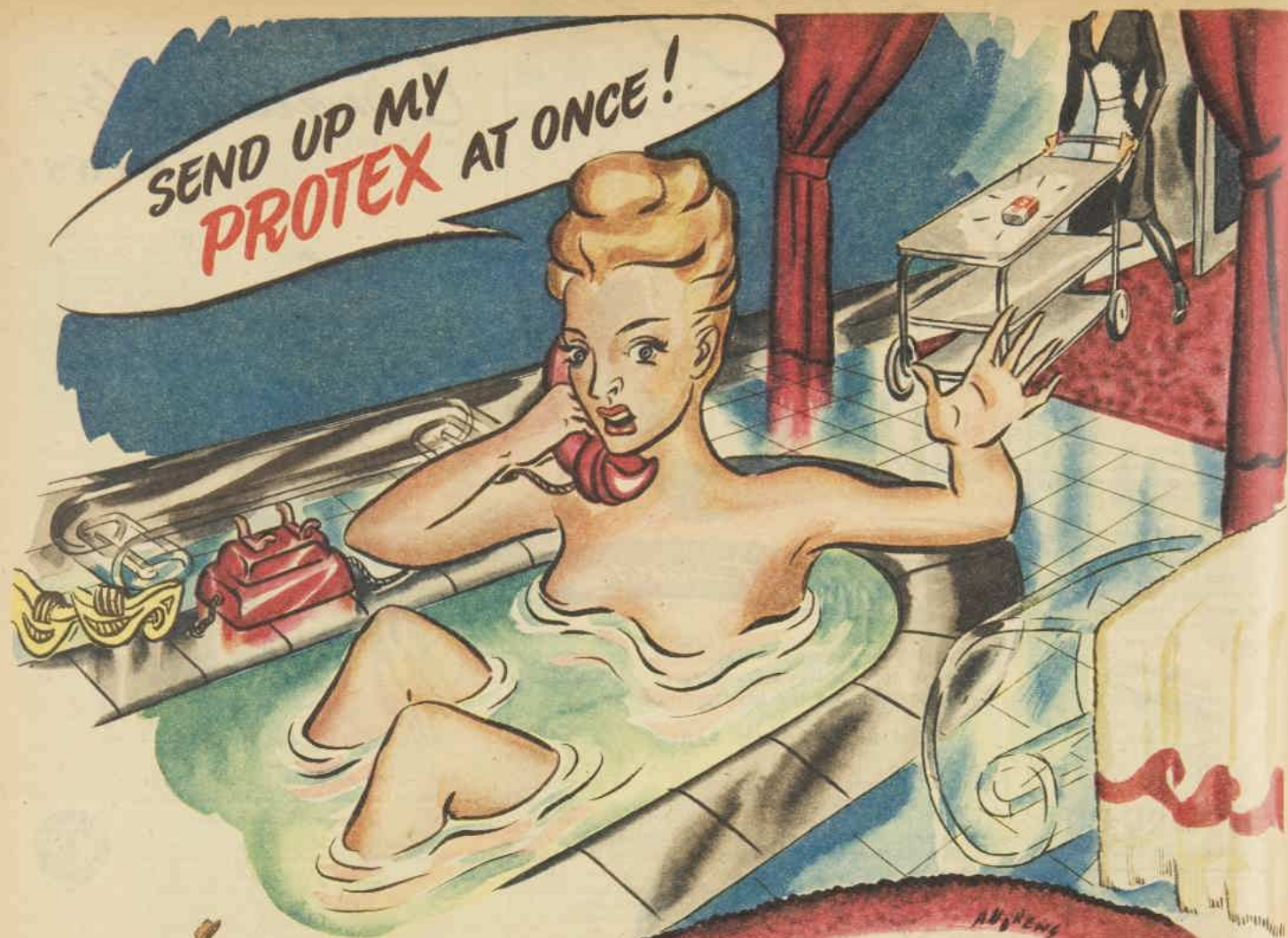
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DID YOU PROTEX

YOURSELF THIS MORNING?



Only one bachelor in England's Test team



LAURIE FISHLOCK, English batsman, checks over the family car so that it is in good running order for his wife to drive while he is away.

Brief family reunions between war service and cricket tour

There is only one marriageable man in the English Test cricket team which has arrived in Australia.

The rest of the Englishmen have had to leave their war brides behind again for a while. This time, armed with bats and balls and cricket pads, they do peaceful battle for England 12,000 miles away.

Most of them had only seen their wives at odd times during the war and were just settling into new homes after spending most of the past six years in tents, barracks, stations abroad, or lonely furnished rooms.

MANY were little-known youngsters before the war, but now the youngest among them is twenty-six.

Their one bachelor is blue-eyed, curly haired, a giant of twenty-eight, with a shy twinkle for everybody—Alec Bedser, of Surrey.

In England he and his twin brother Eric—who didn't make the Test side—make a famous cricketing pair who have to wear differently stitched sweaters so that their captain can tell them apart.

And Alec says with a grin that somehow belies him, "Neither of us is anywhere near engaged. Instead, we are both wedded to cricket."

Their leader, ex-Wing-Commander Walter Hammond, whose sturdy dignity and batting are a familiar and beloved sight to Australian barrack-ers, has married and turned amateur since his last Australian tour.

Like our own idol, Don Bradman, he has suffered much from fibrositis. But this summer he has stood up well to the strain of continuous play.

Tall, dark Norman Yardley, former Cambridge Blue, who will become very well known to Australians—he is a likely future captain of England—had to rush plans for his marriage when selected, and went straight from his honeymoon to board the Stirling Castle.

Wicketkeeping with him at Cambridge before the war was Paul Gibb, who then went on to pilot a Sunderland.

He said good-bye to his wife from the new home they have just found in a sleepy Surrey village, where they live quite near the Bedser twins.

One of the wives who finds it a particular wrench to be parted again for eight months is Marion, wife of veteran daylight bomber-pilot Bill Edrich, who won the D.F.C. over Cologne.

They met when she was a Waaf officer at his training centre.

"We were just settling down in a lovely new flat," he said.

"My wife's parting remark was: 'I know it's all to do with priorities, but I do wish we wives could have come, too.'"

They found an ultra-modern flat in picturesque, leafy Stanmore, outer suburb of North London.



JOE HARDSTAFF, Notts batsman, is son of an earlier Joe, Test cricketer, has another cricketer, ten-year-old Joe, coming along at home.



W. VOCE, Notts fast bowler, has played in earlier Tests here.



PACKING was a strenuous job for W. J. Edrich and his wife, Marion. In addition to his usual wardrobe, Bill brought ten pairs of flannels, 30 cricket shirts, several pairs of cricket boots, and a big stock of white socks.



JIM LANGRIDGE (Sussex) in the garden of his Brighton home with his wife. He has played for England since 1924.

But England couldn't do without her quiet-talking Bill. He is one of their best all-rounders.

There is among the English Test side enough talent to make a top-grade Soccer team fit to meet any Australian team, for Denis Compton, Laurie Fishlock, Bill Edrich, and Jack Ikin were once professional footballers. Cyril Washbrook turned down a professional offer, and Joe Hardstaff and James Langridge were first-class amateurs.

Desert Rat

NOT to be despised either is their sprinkling of excellent golfers, led by Wally Hammond, Paul Gibb, Peter Smith, and Len Hutton.

Hutton, after beating Bradman's Test record with an innings of 364 runs at The Oval, suffered a complicated fracture of his arm while instructing in P.T. in the Army. The injury nearly wrecked his cricket future.

If you see a square-jawed young man lounging in the players' enclosure in an old checked sports jacket and flannel bags, that will be "Young Jack" Ikin.

He is one of the famous Desert Rats, bringing among the many new English cricket tourists the quaint dialect of Staffordshire and the charm of a man who is as modest about his cricket as he is about his war record.

Jack Ikin doesn't like dressing up, is unhappy at formal functions, and, above all, is delighted to see Australians again after fighting alongside them in Wavell's first offensive and the siege of Tobruk.

Lancashire's hero, red-haired bowler Dick Pollard, left several champion Chow dogs, a yardful of hens, and a large garden in West-oughton for his wife to look after while he is away.

Her comment was, "Lucky I'm a lover of cricket. As a matter of fact, very lucky—I could never have married Dick otherwise."

Bowler Bill Voce, batsman Laurie Fishlock, and Joe Hardstaff are already known from their pre-war tours of Australia.

But blond Joe Hardstaff, longest married of the touring side, and son of an earlier Joe, who also played Test cricket against Australia, says "Now there's a third Joe growing up."

"He's only ten, but he has won a scholarship to Mansfield school and is already in the Colts' Team."

Peter Smith, ex-film actor, journalist, cricket professional, sports outfitter, wireless commentator, consoled his lovely wife Diana, whom he met when she was a model, with the gift of a new car to drive round while he is away.

"Next time I leave England," he said, "Diana and the two girls are

coming with me. It has always been my idea to go overseas on a coaching job."

Many of their wives have gone back to live with their parents till the fate of the Ashes is decided.

Snub-nosed Godfrey Evans, of Kent, England's short wicketkeeper-batsman, is one of the youngest of the party.

With his slick black hair and a twinkle in his dark eyes, he looks like a junior version of the famous Herbert Sutcliffe.

His young wife Jean is having a wartime girl friend, who worked with her in the Kent County offices, to stay with her for company at their new Maidstone home. It is called "The Wickets."

When Godfrey arrives home again, baby Howard will be able to toddle down the path to meet him.

Handsome man of the English side is dark, curly-haired Denis Compton, who, at twenty-eight, still has the brilliant smile and exuberance that made him pin-up boy for England when he hit up a century in his first Test against us.

Both he and Len Hutton, also very personable and easy to talk with, left midget-sized cricket bats with their four-year-old sons.

And they warned them, "Your fathers are not the only ones expected to make big scores while they are away."

CRICKET ISSUE

Our cover on this special cricket issue is a color photograph of Walter Hammond, popular captain of England's Test team.

Photographs of the English team, some of them in color, appear on pages 8, 9, 13, and 19. They are shown with their wives and families, or in action on the cricket field.

The Australian Test team has not yet been chosen, but on pages 26 and 27 are pictures of Australian players who, cricket followers think, are likely to make the grade.

Glamor is not a matter of money

AMONG the spate of letters we have received congratulating us on our French fashion parades have been three or four which have struck a critical note. The writers felt that clothes from the pick of the world's designers must be designed for the wealthy few only.

They are quite wrong.

The original models would be priced far beyond the dreams of almost all Australian women, and our object in arranging the parades has been to bring their beauty and distinction within the means of the many.

We have been proud to announce that we brought the Rue de la Paix to Australia and that our parades would be presented with all the glamor of a Paris opening.

Yet they do differ from Paris parades on one vital point. They are presented for everybody and with NO precautions to guard the secrets of the designers.

During the fortnight the parades have been on in Sydney they have been viewed by every designer, dressmaker, milliner, and buyer in the dress industry of that city. They were meant to be viewed by them.

We know that these clever people have gone away with their heads full of new ideas for hats, frocks, shoes, handbags, and dress jewellery. That is what we wanted them to do.

By this means the working man's wife or the business girl who buys some dress item at an inexpensive shop within the next few weeks is sure to find some of the latest ideas from Paris incorporated in it.

In fact, many a smart woman who makes her own frocks will by now be running up a little copy of something she admired as shown by Pacquerette or Carole.

Glamor is not a matter of money. It is a matter of brains, and the object of our parades was to provide stimulus and inspiration for the brains of the Australian dress industry.

Copies of the Paris models, done by leading stores from the master patterns imported with them, will be made by Australian workers from Australian materials, and priced at a fraction of the cost of the originals.

Thus The Australian Women's Weekly French fashion parades will benefit women in every income group.

The models shown were chosen with the greatest care. Our fashion specialist, Mary Hordern, had many long conferences with the great designers.

She had to explain to them the conditions of Australian life, the busy activities of Australian women, the climate of perpetual sunshine in which their creations would be worn.

They quickly grasped these essentials and, realising that some of their favorite creations would not be suitable, gave full freedom of choice to the Australian expert.

The collection that resulted is both charming and practical.

But what would any fashion parade be without some models that make every woman long to have an unlimited purse into which she might dip for her personal adornment?

The parades contain some such models. They are there for spectacle, which has its place in a production that seeks to entertain as well as inform.

We do not believe any woman who rejoices in beauty would want them eliminated.

Penicillin as aid to beauty

Wonder cure for bad skins must be prescribed by doctor

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

Penicillin cosmetics, claimed by unscrupulous foreign manufacturers to be aids to beauty, are not for sale in Britain.

Nor is there any likelihood of these preparations—penicillin beauty cream to remove blemishes, penicillin lipstick for hygienic kissing—being allowed to enter the country.

PENICILLIN, nevertheless, is one of the most effective aids to beauty.

For clearing up spotty skin penicillin is proving one of the wonders of the century, and it is being widely used throughout Britain.

But it is handled in a totally different way from that claimed by foreign manufacturers.

Firstly, penicillin must be prescribed by a doctor before supplies are obtainable.

Secondly, penicillin must be kept in a refrigerator.

Thirdly, penicillin lasts for only three weeks in emulsified form.

So it would be pointless to carry a penicillin lipstick in your purse or have a jar of penicillin beauty cream on your dressing-table.

Properly prescribed and used, however, there is not a skin eruption—with the exception of acne, which penicillin does not cure—that cannot effectively be treated with this new wonder drug.

When the news got round that penicillin beauty aids were to be imported, I called on London's leading skin specialist to ask his views on penicillin.

This doctor (it is unethical, of course, to disclose his name) was consulted throughout the war by the Government, which was anxious to find the cause and cure for skin diseases contracted by girls making munitions.

Special powder and lipstick prescribed by the doctor—provided free by the Government—was the answer to many skin problems.

The doctor said: "Penicillin, though easily obtained, will always be a specialised product, prescribed by a doctor."

"Anyone claiming to make penicillin beauty cream or lipstick is trying to exploit the public, because there is no preservative for penicillin."

"It is wonderfully effective for treating pimples, carbuncles, boils, barber's rash, and impetigo."

"But pimples and boils must be opened first. Penicillin is quite harmless, so that is not the reason for Government control and its sale through doctors' prescriptions."

"But it is such a new thing that we must be careful that in a too liberal use of penicillin, we don't make this drug ineffective for those diseases it is known to cure."

"Then again, until there are such ample supplies of penicillin throughout the world that no one is in short supply, doctors must be careful that while they are clearing up a bad skin with penicillin some person is not dying for want of the drug."

"Penicillin for beauty is best given by injections, for most bad skins come from a poisoned blood stream."

"Penicillin cream deteriorates rapidly because water and air are its deadly enemies."

The doctor, who keeps in closest touch with new developments in American beauty preparations, told me Elizabeth Arden had been experimenting with penicillin in her laboratories.

But like most well-established houses whose beauty preparations are widely known, she had decided to leave penicillin and its use in beauty treatments in the hands of the medical profession, with doctors skilled in the use of penicillin on hand as consultants.

The head of one of the biggest manufacturing chemists in Britain—Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd.—said that more and more they were making up doctors' prescriptions of penicillin for skin infections.

"But the medical profession is taking good care to limit its use until we have this drug in very large quantities," he said.

"The discovery of penicillin has not rendered obsolete those other measures of nursing and surgical care whose worth has been proved for many years," he added.

British penicillin is brought from the manufacturers through normal trade channels, both wholesale and retail, to the sick in hospital, and by doctors' prescriptions to the sick in their homes.

There is enough for export to other countries and if promising experiments should develop satisfactorily for veterinary purposes.

There are two deep-culture factories in Britain, one at Speke and one at Barnard Castle, where the output is developing satisfactorily in quantity, while the purity and potency of the British product is equally satisfactory, and in comparison with penicillin manufactured in other countries is even more satisfactory.

Distribution is still controlled by the Minister of Supply, Mr. John Wilmot, though there is no secret now as to the location of the plants or mystery about penicillin production.

Control will continue, Mr. Wilmot says, because Britain is determined not to make the mistake America made in releasing penicillin to shops with a fanfare of publicity.

The public raided the shops, buying the preparation to cure anything from sore throat to chilblains. Soon there was none for hospitals.

After American women had tried out medicinal face cream as a beauty treatment and doctors had scratched round frantically for enough penicillin to treat genuine cases, penicillin supplies were withdrawn from public sale.

Meanwhile this most powerful agent, which can harm no one and which has had such spectacular success, still ranks as a drug, and is controlled effectively in England under the Therapeutic Substances Act, which covers also the possible marketing of any penicillin derivatives.

In this way, no matter how many penicillin cosmetics are launched on an unsuspecting public in other parts of the world, the British public is protected, and penicillin in Britain is left in the skilled hands of its doctors and chemists, its manufacturers and the scientists who discovered penicillin in Britain for the benefit of the whole world.

In this way, too, penicillin is controlled lest self treatment by the

general public—such as a lavish use of penicillin ointment as a beauty treatment—might result in the growth of penicillin-resistant strains of bacteria which would be immune to the drug.

These might be passed on from one person to another, and the wonderful healing properties of penicillin would be lost to the suffering through selfish indulgence of seekers after beauty.

Special Issue

THE CRICKET TRADITION

THE arrival of the English cricketers is one of those happy signs (of which, alas, there are so few) that peace is really here.

It is ten years since Australia welcomed a Test team.

No other series of games holds public interest in Australia in quite the same way as do the cricket Tests. People who take little or no interest in any other competitive sport follow the matches with extraordinary keenness.

Cricket keeps its following because quick wit, skill, co-ordination, and timing matter in it so much more than mere strength.

It is indeed so graceful and leisurely a game compared with most that one sometimes feels it should be played only on small tree-shaded greens before select gatherings of enthusiasts who care first for its artistry and only second for the outcome.

That is the game our pioneering forefathers brought with them and transplanted from the rich green sward under English oaks to the springy brown-green grasses under Australian gum trees.

But to-day's great matches must be played in enormous public arenas against the roar of tens of thousands of voices and the raucous clamor of partisan bar-racking from those who love one side too well.

Which is a pity.

At its best, cricket is more than a game. It's a fine old British tradition that provides a unique link between countries of the Empire.

Australian spectators might make a resolution that on their part nothing will be done this season to strain the link.

Their youngsters will want to know the score



LEN HUTTON, Yorkshire batsman, tidies up his garden before sailing. Three-year-old son Richard slows up the lawn mowing to examine the works.



PETER SMITH is reminded by daughter Susan to pack his best boots. Diana, his wife, and baby Diana lend a hand too.



T. G. EVANS, Kent cricketer, trims son Howard's hair, while his wife, Jean, watches. Jewel of a husband, Evans cooks, irons, makes wool rugs as hobby.

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 3, 1946



DENIS COMPTON brings up his son Brian in the family tradition. Brian sets out in his car to wield a miniature bat with his playmates.

NOW AVAILABLE FROM THE TREASURE CHEST OF SONGS

THIS SERIES OF 12 BEAUTIFULLY PRODUCED

MUSIC BOOKS

each with WORDS
AND MUSIC

2!
EACH



THE lilting rhythm of Stephen Foster's minstrel melodies—the endearing sentiment of the songs our grandfathers loved—the merry laughter of dark-eyed Irish colleens—the sweet simplicity of the songs and games of childhood—all these and more are to be found in the Treasure Chest of Songs.

FAVOURITE SONG ALBUMS—

BING CROSBY'S MUSIC HALL OF MEMORIES	WALT DISNEY'S BAMBI SONG ALBUM	ALBUM OF DINAH SHORE SONGS	PIXIE O'HARRIS SONGS FOR CHILDREN	LAWRENCE WELK'S POLKA FOLIO <small>for Piano and Piano Ac- cordion. More than 50 famous Pol- kas, Schot- tisches, and Waltzes.</small>
2/6	2/6	2/6	3/-	3/-

CHILDREN'S SONGS AND GAMES
MORE CHILDREN'S SONGS AND GAMES
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SONGS OF SACRED BEAUTY
SONGS NEVER FORGOTTEN
STEPHEN FOSTER SONGS
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As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

GOOD fortune is promised for many people on Tuesday, October 1, and Geminians, Librans, and Aquarians in particular should seek advancement and gains on this day.

October 3 and October 8 will prove helpful for most star groups, with the exception of Arians, Capricornians, and Cancerians, who should beware losses and indiscretions.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live cautiously now, and dodge trouble, especially on Oct. 3, 4, 5, 6 (noon to 3 p.m.), and 7 (to midday). Keep to routine for best results.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): October 3 can prove helpful till 1 p.m., but poor round dusk, Oct. 4 and 5 (to 1 p.m.) fair, 8 (after midday) good. Rest of week obstructive, so be cautious.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Good times are possible for many Geminians now, so be ambitious and confident. Oct. 1 and 2 poor, but 3 (except dusk) and 5 (evening) fair; 4 (except 1 a.m. to 3 p.m.) and 7 good.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Live cautiously now, for trouble is easy to find, especially on Oct. 3, 4, 5, 6 (noon to 3 p.m.), and 7 (dawn to midday). Routine advised.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): October 1 can prove excellent (noon to 3 p.m. especially), 2 (after 9 a.m.) fair, 3 and 4 (to 9 p.m.) poor, 5, 6 and 7 difficult. A week for winds.

VIRGO (August 21 to Sept. 21): October 1, 2 and 3 can prove rather difficult, but 4 (to 1 p.m.) and after 9 a.m. moon, 5 and 6 (to 1 p.m.) fair, 7 (evening) helpful.



"Well, it wouldn't hurt for you to ask for a bigger lighthouse!"

LIBRA (Sept. 21 to Oct. 21): An excellent week is possible, so seek progress and gain. Oct. 1 (noon to 3 p.m.) very good, 2 (evening) fair, 3 (except 1 p.m. to 3 a.m.) and 7 good. Oct. 4 (after midday) very helpful.

SCORPIO (Oct. 21 to Nov. 21): Moderate gains can be realized on Oct. 1 (noon to 3 p.m.), 3 (to 1 a.m.) and 6 (to midday). Best day Oct. 8 (after midday).

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 21 to Dec. 21): Make good use of Oct. 1 (noon to 3 p.m.) best, for wonderful results are likely. Oct. 2 (after 9 a.m.) and 7 (evening) very fair.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21 to Jan. 21): Live quietly if you wish to dodge upsets, and avoid aggression and change, especially on Oct. 2, 4, 5, 6 and 7 (dawn and noon hours).

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19): Mercury smiles now, so make good use of Oct. 1 (noon to 3 p.m.), 3 (except 1 p.m. to 3 a.m.), 7 and 8 (except early hours). Seek progress and gains.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Oct. 1 may prove hectic and 2 poor, but Oct. 3 (to midday and after 9 a.m.) fair, 6 (to 1 p.m.) helpful, and 8 (after midday) very good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: Black and red, pages 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

HUGAR: Black, red, and green, page 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

BUTTER: 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

MEAT: Black and red, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

available Oct. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

CLOTHING: Y1-56, 57-112.

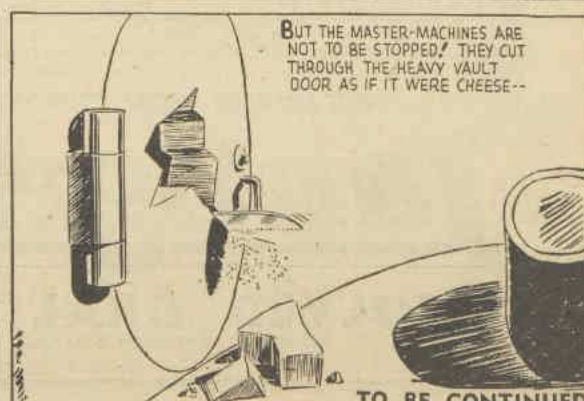


Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are in Lunatopia, a great city on the moon, with **PROF. THURSBY:** Who planned the moon visit, and **LAURA:** His beautiful daughter. The four are being shown over the city by a moon-man, **AMON:** Who points out all its wonders to them. The city is kept alive with artificial air, beautiful plants grow in the warm, soft air. Music can be heard continually, and nobody appears to do any work. Amon takes the earth-men to the great room, where machines not only make everything, but where master machines repair the others. Amon says the machines are kept behind huge bars because they can think, and because everyone is a little afraid of them. NOW READ ON:

ful plants grow in the warm, soft air. Music can be heard continually, and nobody appears to do any work. Amon takes the earth-men to the great room, where machines not only make everything, but where master machines repair the others. Amon says the machines are kept behind huge bars because they can think, and because everyone is a little afraid of them. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

Success!

RELIEF AND IMMUNITY...

THOUSANDS BENEFITED BY LANTIGEN 'B' AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING FROM

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, SINUS & ANTRUM INFECTIONS

Here is good news for you if you are one of the many people in Australia who suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sinus or Antrum Infections.

A special dissolved oral vaccine (to be taken by mouth instead of by injection) has been produced specially to counteract these infections, to treat them, and to immunise against their return. It is prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under the supervision of an eminent physician and it is called LANTIGEN "B".



Thousands of former sufferers have gained prompt benefit by using Lantigen "B" and, if you are like most people, you yourself won't have long to wait for results after you commence to take it.

Former sufferers report these benefits:—

The nose doesn't feel "stuffed-up" and the head is free from dull, nagging headaches.

The chest is relieved of tight, bronchial congestion.

Good sleep is possible again without coughing or choking.

Health is better in every way—with more vigour and energy.

Resistance to infection by the catarrhal and bronchial germs is increased, and Lantigen "B" helps to immunise the system against their return—sometimes for years.

READ THESE PERSONAL LETTERS OF TESTIMONY FROM USERS

Canadian Relieved from Bronchitis.

"I am writing to let you know what Lantigen 'B' has done for me. First, I am able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through without waking around three o'clock, choked up, and getting no more rest the remainder of the night. It has been a God-send to me to learn of Lantigen 'B' and what it has done for me—it is worth its weight in gold—mine being very stubborn, severe attacks of Bronchial Asthma. I have just completed using one bottle."

—(Signed) Mrs. May Bradshaw, 366a Balliol Street, Toronto, Ont.

29 Years with Bronchial Catarrh, Now Well.

Miss B. Lane, of 12 Kibble Street, Windsor, N.S.W., writes: "My mother has had Bronchial Catarrh for about 29 years, causing a continual scratching, tickling cough, which, in turn, caused her eyes to run with tears and, at times, nearly choked her. She couldn't lay on her back or on her right side without being nearly choked with coughing, and she doesn't go where there was any cigarette smoke. Five weeks ago, she decided to try Lantigen 'B', and she hasn't coughed since, and this is no idle statement."

Marvelous Treatment for Catarrh.

Mr. E. McKee, of Glenlee Station, N.Z., writes: "I must say it is a most marvelous treatment for Catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles, I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again."

£1/1/- per bottle. The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. Two bottles of Lantigen "B" are usually sufficient for the average case. In cases of long standing or great severity, three or four bottles may be necessary.

OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

Lantigen 'B'

DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

PRODUCT OF EDINBURGH LABORATORIES, SYDNEY.



GERMS AND THEIR POISONS CAUSE THESE COMPLAINTS

The five germs shown above are the main cause of the unpleasant symptoms of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sinus and Antrum Infection.

★ The areas marked with a star on the head and chest show where they attack most strongly.

It is in these areas that the unpleasant local symptoms occur, but the poisons from the germs spread through the whole system, sapping energy—causing nervous upsets and other symptoms of general ill-health.

HOW A VACCINE WORKS. The function of a vaccine is to stimulate—by the release of substances called "antigens"—the formation in the system of what are called "anti-bodies." These "anti-bodies" are nature's antidotes to the invading germs and their poisons. Their development aids in the successful treatment of disease and in immunising the system against further attacks.

WHAT IS LANTIGEN "B"? Lantigen "B" is an oral vaccine, consisting of dissolved antigenic substances derived from a wide range of the bacterial species shown above, and specially selected as to their suitability for providing a broad protection against Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sinus or Antrum Infections, which are caused by similar types of germs.

NO INJECTIONS NEEDED WITH LANTIGEN. At one time it was considered that vaccines must be injected, but recent investigations have proved that vaccines may be also taken orally, which is by mouth, with great success. This, of course, is far more convenient than injections.

Lantigen "B" is an oral vaccine and has the additional merit of being a dissolved vaccine as well.

WHY A DISSOLVED VACCINE (LANTIGEN) IS MORE EFFECTIVE. Before the "antigens" which aid the production of the protective "anti-bodies" in the system can be released, it is necessary for the dead bacteria in the ordinary vaccine to be broken up and dissolved by certain dissolving agents in the body tissues.

When bodily resistance is lowered, these dissolving agents in the system may not be present in sufficient quantities to bring all the organisms in the ordinary vaccine into solution. For this reason such a vaccine may be rendered largely ineffective.

In the case of Lantigen dissolved oral vaccines, the organisms having already been dissolved by a special dissolving process in the laboratory, the "antigens" are ready for immediate and full activity.

PROMPT RESPONSE TO LANTIGEN TREATMENT. Response by the system to Lantigen "B" is, therefore, faster and more effective than if an ordinary vaccine were used.

This is proved by the success of Lantigen in many cases where ordinary vaccines have failed to bring results.

TAKEN BY MOUTH — ACTS IMMEDIATELY

GUARANTEED NOT TO HARM THE HEART
Does not interfere with other treatments



So she had taken the job of assistant buyer and then buyer in a large department store. She knew now that she had been right. There were already too many Mrs. Brodaslows in the world.

Lisa opened the door almost before her mother could ring. "Hello, Bets," she said. "how's the girl?"

Lisa Blake was smaller than her mother, but her broad shoulders and the housecoat she wore made her look taller. Her dark hair hung wavy to her shoulders, she had a characteristic little gesture of pushing it out of her eyes, her deep-set blue eyes. Gerald had had a lot of Irish in him.

"You're just in time, too," Lisa said. "The C.B.C. are broadcasting Terry's report from the front. The news was bad to-night when I stopped by the newsroom."

"Oh, Terry will come out head first," Betsy said. "He always does. Remember how he was dug out of the ruins of the London office?"

"What do you mean, dug out?"



"We never use the extra leaves. You can seat just as many this way."

Woman Alone

Continued from page 4

Lisa said indignantly. "He dug himself out. Come on, let's have dinner. I'm hollow."

Betsy looked across the table at her daughter and a wave of pride came over her. This new race of girls, who could hold down a job all day, as Lisa did, and then come home and cook a dinner like this.

Lisa was saying, "Have you done anything with my idea for Women's Industries, you know, the publicity idea, taking a travelling show of the stuff on a circuit of the summer resort towns?"

"I've thought about it, of course, dear," Betsy answered, "but I can't be away that long."

"How about me? I feel a change coming on. How would you like a company? We could be Betsy and Company."

Betsy laughed. "For a minute I thought you were serious. You know I love you too much to make you a 'company.'"

It was not easy being a modern mother, pushing your children away when it was your instinct to pick them up. It never had been easy, dating back to that time in the swimming pool up in the country.

Lisa had taken one look down into the blue-green water and clung to Betsy, shaking. In her four-year-old vocabulary she had said most distinctly, "No! Lisa can't."

Betsy had held her over the edge at arm's length.

"What do you mean, can't? There is no such word." And she had dropped her in at the deep end. "Swim for it, young one, swim for it." Betsy had dug the nails into the palms of her hands until the blood came while Lisa gulped and struggled and churned her way over to the edge.

It had been the hard way, but the only way as things had turned out. They would really have to swim for it these days.

"It's time for Terry now," Lisa said, as she leaned back in her chair to switch on the radio.

"The C.B.C. now brings you a report from its special correspondent, Terry McBride. Mr. McBride made this recording in the Belgian town of Houffalize just before it was evacuated. The record, however, reached London safely. At present every effort is being made to contact Terry McBride... here then is his latest report..."

"Hello, Canada. This is Terry McBride. I am recording from the quaint Belgian city of Houffalize. From my hotel room I can now see our snipers getting ready to pick out the Nazis, and I can see our tanks getting in position to block the roads... the German fire is close now... I'm sure you can hear the battering sound of their guns... many old historical buildings have been turned to useless mounds of dust and waste..."

A heavy, dull explosion cut out his voice. Lisa paled and clenched her fist. Then Terry's voice came through again... "This is war, Canada, never forget it... and that shell tore the roof off this very building... We've just had orders to evacuate... remember when you hear this record they haven't got the Indian sign on me yet..."

Terry's voice stopped, but the record kept going round and round for several seconds with no sound but the irritating scratch of the needle.

FINALLY the announcer broke in... "Ladies and gentlemen, you have heard Terry McBride's report of the German counter-attack. Our next news broad... Lisa snapped the radio off. "He was right in the line of fire... he would stay to make that record... he..." Her voice broke.

"It's queer, isn't it," Betsy said, "to think that that little redheaded boy you made sand pies with is now the seven o'clock feature? Well, that's life these days."

"You do think he's going to be all right, don't you, Betsy?"

"Who? Terry McBride? Of course he's going to be all right. If the Nazis make huge advances he'll get away with the others, or alone if necessary. Cheer up, it will add to his Press value."

"He wouldn't go alone." It was queer how just for a minute Lisa looked like a little girl of eight. She always did when she got serious.

"Don't worry, Lisa," Betsy said. "Didn't you hear him say they didn't have the Indian sign on him yet?"

"Yes, I know, but the only time I ever heard him say that before was when we were kids playing in the park and some eight boys ganged up on him and pummeled him to a pulp. He sat up with his mouth full of gravel and said, 'You haven't got the Indian sign on me yet!'"

"What is it, dear?"

"Nothing," Lisa bit her lip. "Oh, are you going now?"

"I thought I'd run along. Why? Was there something special?" She put her hat on at the hall mirror. "It was a hectic day at the office and I'm tired."

Please turn to page 25

Unsightly DANDRUFF

— GONE IN A FEW DAYS!



You've got to be well-groomed to land a really good job, and that unsightly dandruff on my shoulders certainly didn't help any!



Nothing I tried did the slightest bit of good, and to make matters worse my hair started falling out. Then one day I saw an ad. for Rexona Ointment.

This soon put my hair in excellent condition. And to know there wasn't any dandruff to spoil my appearance, gave me confidence. So thanks to Rexona I've a job any man could be proud of!

For a week I missed Rexona from my scalp at bedtime. And each morning gave it a good wash with Rexona Medicated Soap.

THE RAPID HEALER

Rexona

1/6 OINTMENT

A JAR (City of Selection)

Rexona's SIX healing ingredients make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

O. 79.32

Something to blow about

when you find out what tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter

You're sure to find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent — and only Pepsodent — contains Irium — the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... In just one week they look far brighter!



For the safety of your smile — use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

PL 5.26

Keep 'Em Happy

Continued from page 10

LOIS burst out laughing. "How do you like Deauberry?" she asked. "He's Gregg's understudy and Gregg is training him."

Ronny joined in the laughter. He began jumping up and down and shouting at the top of his lungs. "Dopey! Dopey, Dopey, Dopey!"

We went down to dinner, but Gregg did not appear in the dining-room that evening. Deauberry took his place. As I walked in he tapped me on the shoulder.

"Listen," he said, "Gregg wants to know whether it'll be all right to raise the ante on that pool game."

I blinked. I knew then how the uncle's salary was going to be financed. And by whom!

"I'll talk that over with Gregg later," I said. "And can't I call you something a little more appropriate than Deauberry?"

"I'll ask Gregg," he said, "but it ought to be okay. The name's Pete."

After dinner I won the break, as usual. Not that it mattered. I think Gregg liked me to get the first shot because it gave me a sporting chance.

I chalked my cue and said, "Gregg, how would you like to earn some real money?"

"How much?"

I named the amount that I thought his talents would be worth to me at the factory. The figure was a large one.

"What do I do?" he asked.

"Trouble shooter," I said. I explained in detail. If someone could be on hand in the factory to iron out the kinks that kept coming up, I'd be able to spend more time at my desk. I was behind in my paper work, and I'd no one who could handle the factory end without running to me every minute. It was more a matter of something out than of technical knowledge.

Gregg listened. When I'd finished he heaved a deep sigh.

"Well," he said dubiously, "for you, boss, I'll give it a whirl."

"Don't hand me that," I told him. "You'll be paid to do it, and we both know it. You can start Monday."

The first couple of days I showed

him the plant and pointed out the chief troubles. How, for instance, the paint shop slowed us up and added precious time to production costs. Gregg made no comments, but he looked at me as if I were a little dull, not being able to iron out a wrinkle as simple as all that.

When we got home the first night, Gregg disappeared immediately. Pete gave us news throughout dinner.

"He's tired," he said. "He ain't used to that kind of work. He's lying down." A little later, "He just come out to the kitchen. Marta's fixing him something special, but he's off his feed." With our coffee Pete said, "He's sitting there looking at the ceiling."

We didn't play pool that evening. I was restless and missed the game. I fooled around alone for a while, but it was no fun, so I came upstairs and read a book.

The following evening it rained. The chicken was burned and the potatoes were underdone. It was the first time Marta's cooking had been less than perfect.

"She was worried about Gregory," explained Lois. "She was afraid he might skip."

"She'll get used to it," I said.

"After all, you did."

"Somehow," said Lois, "it isn't quite the same without Gregory here. I had to stay away from a bridge afternoon and take care of Ronny. He was quite unmanageable."

"Maybe I ought to stay home and let Gregg go to the office."

"Darling," said Lois. "Such an evil thought!"

But it wasn't evil; it was entirely practical. I hadn't taught Gregg my desk work — yet — but the factory was running as it never had before. Gregg had set up a kind of headquarters in a corner of the plant, and problems seemed to drift to him. They never even reached my desk.

By the end of the week my cost figures had begun to drop. Nothing important had been changed, there'd

been no shop conferences, no new gadgets or schemes, but the paint shop wasn't holding us up any more and wasted material was down to a minimum. My trouble shooter idea was working out.

At home Lois was grumpy, which isn't like her. Ronny had tantrums, and Marta was putting too much salt in everything. The week-end was a series of minor annoyances and I longed to get back to the plant, where things were running like clock-work.

On Sunday evening Gregg suggested a game of pool. I accepted eagerly, and we went downstairs. We shot for the break, and I won, of course.

Gregg observed, casually: "How about raising the stakes? The other's just chicken-feed."

"All right," I said. Once a week it wouldn't hurt. I wanted to keep him happy, and I could afford it. So I said, "Why not?"

Gregg smiled. "By the way," he said. "About this new job of mine. I'm quitting."

"Huh?" I said.

"Not my dish, boss. Hide with you through traffic every day of my life? Go down to the same factory and do the same things? I ain't no slave. It's not worth it for any amount of dough."

I sighed, leaned over the table, and missed an easy one. Then I watched Gregg go to work.

After all, I told myself, a man's home should come first. And even if the arrangement was a little unusual, it fulfilled the important requirements. No domestic problems. Ronny taken care of, Lois happy. I could go to the factory every morning with my mind at rest.

Sometimes I wonder whether Gregg won't get bored with his life. He has a cook and a butler working for him, and he has nothing in particular to do until after dinner, when we play our regular game of pool, and I lose. All the same, I still think that some day I'll beat him.

(Copyright)



LUNCHING AT PRINCE'S. Mrs. H. V. Evatt lunches with Dr. Marjorie Tunley, of Guilford, midweek at Prince's. Mrs. Evatt recently returned from abroad with her husband, Dr. H. V. Evatt.



FOR SYDNEY HOSPITAL BALL. Mrs. D. E. Williams (left) sells tickets for a chocolate wheel to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Throsby at the barbecue luncheon and fete held at the home of Mrs. J. K. Schartl, Green Lees, Gordon. Fete will defray expenses of annual Sydney Hospital Ball, which will be held at the Trocadero on October 17.



THE DUCHESS plants a tree in the grounds of Scots College when she and the Duke visit the College on the occasion of the jubilee garden party. The headmaster, Mr. A. K. Anderson (left), and master, Mr. W. C. Stephens, in background.



NEW MEMBERS. Russell Monson, ex-R.A.N. (top left), David Alcock, ex-M.N., of Liverpool, England, and Freddie Whant, ex-R.N.V.R., Suffolk, England, make out membership forms at Young Contingent of Victoria League with club director, Betty Christie. Men are among first male members in League's drive for male members.



HAPPY COUPLE. Edna Rogers and John Ward, who announce their engagement. Edna is eldest daughter of the Edward Rogers, of Drummoine, and John is second son of Mrs. R. F. Ward, of Drummoine.



DOCTOR WEDS. Dr. Leslie Poidevin, of Seone, leaving Christ Church, North Adelaide, with his bride, formerly Rosemarie Poole, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. St. John Poole, S.A. Couple will live at Seone.



ENGAGED. Mary Guest, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Darcy Guest, of Manly, and her fiancé, Douglas Dumbrell, ex-P.O.W., Malaya, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Dumbrell, of Balgowlah.

Intimate Gossipings

PERIOD style gown of cream satin brocade chosen by Winnie Bonnin, of Mills Terrace, North Adelaide, for marriage to Alastair Stephen, of Sydney, at Christ Church, North Adelaide. Frock features round neckline, large sleeves, and full skirt.

Bridesmaids Kathleen Bonnin, sister of bride, and Mary Cave choose ice-blue satin frocks, small matching straw hats frothed with tulle, and posies of pink camellias. Little flowergirls Patricia Bonnin, niece of bride, and Judy Ricean wear charming marquisette frocks, also ice-blue, with chaplets of same tones in their hair. Mr. Arnold Moulden best man, and Mr. Leslie Stephen, cousin of bridegroom, groomsmen.

Dr. Noel Bonnin gives his sister away, and two other brothers, Drs. Lance and Jim Bonnin, act as ushers. Bride is daughter of Mrs. A. J. Bonnin, North Adelaide, and late Dr. Bonnin. Bridegroom son of late Sir Colin and Lady Stephen.

PEARL it's going to be a bad summer for mosquito sufferers if mosquito netting gets as scarce as most materials at the moment. The reason being that most of our debts and young matrons are madly buying up yards and yards for slips for their white dresses for the White Ball on October 8 at Trocadero. Hear from president of committee, Mrs. Roy Buckland, that she will wear prewar model of white satin... another committee member, Mrs. Dudley Hardy, who has just recovered from recent illness and returned home from St. Vincent's, will also wear prewar Feller model. New frock will be worn by Mrs. Marcel Dekewere, who has chosen Rocher white strapless gown made with bouffant skirt and tiny encrusted bodice.

GLANCE down my diary and see that Spring Racing Carnival Week promises to be a really gala one this year. Several pretty lasses plan wedding to fall within first week of October so that their many country friends will be able to attend ce enones. First on the list are Paty Crawford and Peter White, of "Edinglassie," Muswellbrook, who will wed at Moss Vale on October 4. Paty and Peter will make Australia their headquarters for their honeymoon, and will join in Race Week parties and race meetings.

POPULAR couple Anne Whatmore and Richard Bettington, of Goolie, Merriwa, choose St. Mark's, Darling Point, for their wedding on October 9. Anne, who is daughter of the Henry Whatmores, of Bellevue Hill, will be attended by Mrs. Keith Arnott, with Margaret Dibbes as flowergirl. Richard's brother Tim will be best man. Next day, October 10, Vena Fuller and Reg Robson will walk down aisle of St. Mark's after their marriage. Judith Kerr and Dr. Monty Hicks will be attendants, and reception will be held at lovely old home of bride's parents, the John Fullers, Caeleon, Bellevue Hill.

BUSY as a bee is Pat Bousfield, who has been helping her father, artist Peter Bousfield, select and hang pictures for his exhibit of watercolor sketches which Clive Evatt will open at Margaret Jay's Exhibition Gallery, Rowe Street, this Tuesday. Peter has named the exhibit "Vanished Europe"—places he painted prior to the war which have now disappeared or changed so much because of the blitz of Europe.

HEAR from Mrs. Theo Scales that Richard is name chosen for their second son. Mrs. Scales formerly Sheila Martin, of Wagga.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Clive Millington Bowman and his bride, formerly Joy Prentice, at reception at Ranch after their wedding at St. Michael's, Vancluse. Joy is only daughter of Rev. and Mrs. A. B. Prentice, of the Rectory, The Rock. Clive is fifth son of late P. Millington Bowman and of Mrs. F. E. Bowman, of Balmoral, Muswellbrook.

AMUSED by Lois Green's story of the two startled British colonels who belonged to the raised eyebrow department when they saw Lois and Bebe de Roland doing their daily dozen—a series of very energetic exercises—after breakfast each morning on the plane. "Bebe and I just couldn't resist the temptation of bacon and eggs for breakfast—an unheard-of luxury in London—so just in case I couldn't fit into my Hartnell models I've brought out to appear in 'Follow The Girls' I thought I'd better keep my figure in trim."

INFORMAL Sunday night gathering at Claude and Betty Fleming's flat at Darling Point to say au revoir to Alma and Leonard Avery before they sail by Norwegian ship for home and England. Leonard tells me he had the packing situation well in hand, and had large boxes made to take all their belongings... only difficulty being that when boxes arrived at their flat they would not go through the door!

DATE for your diary: Armistice School Old Boys' Ball, to be held at State Ballroom on October 4.

"IT'S so exciting getting married," says Dale Betty Windus when she calls in to see me in whirl before her marriage at St. Michael's, Vancluse, with Petty-Officer Alfred Bristow, R.A.N. Betty, who was a member of the A.W.A.S., casts anxious eye at the weather, and wonders whether the sun will shine for her on her wedding day.

Joyce

Woman Alone

Continued from page 23

BETSY dropped an affectionate pat on her daughter's shoulder as she opened the door. "Good-night, dear, get some sleep yourself."

It was seven o'clock the next night. What on earth could be keeping Lisa? This was Lisa's night to have dinner with her and Lisa was never late.

The elevator slammed out in the hall. At last. But the footsteps went in the other direction. Wondering a little, Betsy dialled Lisa's number. It rang monotonously.

She dialled the office number.

"Miss Blake, please. . . She hasn't been there all day? Are you sure?"

Resolutely Betsy swallowed the wave of panic rising within her. She took a taxi to Lisa's apartment.

Lisa's mail and the morning paper were still in an untidy heap on the door-mat. No need to ring the bell.

The superintendent was only too glad to let Mrs. Blake in with his pass-key.

Lisa's bed had not been slept in. Her dark blue dress was gone out of the closet. Otherwise there was nothing out of the ordinary.

But every accident Betsy had ever seen rose up from their forgotten corners. Lisa was riding in a taxi-cab that overturned in a collision. Lisa had had her purse snatched and was left lying senseless in the park.

Finally she said impatiently, "You're acting neurotic, Betsy." In all probability she would walk home and Lisa would open the door and laugh at her.

But there was no Lisa when she got to the apartment.

There was a flaming sunset behind the skyline but Betsy, walking to the police station, did not see it. The sergeant sat at his desk writing.

Finally he said, "Yes?"

Animal Antics



"What noise? Oh, that! That's me. . . my voice is changing."

Betsy swallowed. "My daughter has disappeared," she said.

The sergeant reached for another slip of paper. "Name—Age."

"Lisa Blake. . . twenty-one."

"When did she leave home?"

"Some time within the last 24 hours. I left her apartment at nine last night."

"Well, I can't see what you're worrying about, madam. You say yourself she's of legal age, and what's more that she lives an independent life. She's probably just off visiting somewhere."

Betsy's face drained. "No," she said quickly. "You don't understand. She would tell me; she always does."

"Yeah," he said thoughtfully, and then after a moment, "You got any identification with you?"

While she fumbled in her purse he handed her a slip of paper. "Here, check this before I send it in to Missing Persons."

Blue eyes, black hair, Betsy thought desperately. That would describe a hundred thousand girls. But there was only one Lisa in the whole wide world.

"You will be notified," the sergeant said. "We check the hos-

pitals and the morgue. There is nothing more you can do now."

Nothing more she could do but wait.

She would go to Lisa's apartment instead of her own. Lisa might come home during the night, and besides, in Lisa's room among her things, she should feel closer to her.

But once she was there and had settled herself in a wing chair moved close to the telephone table, Betsy felt as if everything were out of focus.

All at once she was a stranger in a strange place, she was alone in the darkness and she had no one to call to. "Lisa, Lisa, where are you?" She did not realise that she had said it out loud. But the sound of her voice struck a new terror. A shiver went through her.

Was this what waiting was like? Did people just have to sit, when every nerve was keyed to a pitch?

It was 6.30 when the telephone rang. It rang three times before Betsy could lift the receiver.

"Mrs. Blake," The voice was clipped in the best this-is-all-in-the-day's-work manner. "We have a report on your daughter. She was picked up an hour ago in the park. She has been sent to Receiving Hospital, suffering from exposure and exhaustion. There was plenty of money in her pocketbook but she had been walking all night in the rain."

"Oh!" Exclamations are inadequate words, to describe the soaring, light-headed feeling that is a combination of joy and relief. "I will come at once, of course," she said.

"Mrs. Blake," the sergeant went on. "There is one little matter we should clear up. When she was asked as a matter of routine the name of her closest relative she gave the name of 'Mrs. Eugene Barr, great-grandmother.'"

Granny was reading the morning paper, with her back to Lisa's bed, when Betsy went into the little white cubicle at Receiving Hospital.

"Lisa!" Betsy stood motionless in the middle of the room.

The girl set up quickly, as if a hidden spring had been touched, then she crumpled just as quickly. "Go away, Betsy," she said, "go away."

Betsy took a conscious grip on herself. There was something wrong with Lisa, of course. The child needed a friend to talk to her calmly.

The best way was to go on as if nothing were the matter. Betsy put a matter-of-fact shell round her voice. "Why did you walk out in the middle of the night like that? Don't dam it up inside of you. It would do you good to talk."

"Now, Betsy," Granny said, "let her alone. When she's ready she'll tell us all about it."

Betsy said, "No, Granny, the sooner Lisa gets this out of her system the better. Let's try to be intelligent about this."

"Intelligent!" Granny snorted. "Always been the trouble with you, Betsy, you think you've got to be intelligent to be a mother. What do you think the Lord gave you your intuition for?"

Betsy turned back to Lisa, as if she had not heard a word the old woman said. "Why didn't you come to me? We've always been so close."

"I suppose you really think so, don't you, Betsy?" Lisa said.

"Why, Lisa!" Betsy felt her carefully served control slipping away from her.

"You're so strong, so independent, aren't you, Betsy? You couldn't understand why I couldn't stay there alone in the night when I kept hearing Terry saying over and over again:

"We've just had orders to evacuate. . . and then nothing but the sound of gunfire and the empty scratches of the record going round and round without Terry's voice."

Betsy felt her hands clench of their own accord. "So it was the broadcast that upset you," she said, "something happening 8000 miles away to someone you used to know. Some day I would like to tell you what it's like to be really alone, to be really frightened because you don't know what's happened to

WE were entranced the other day to read that the Royal Navy has decided to form a bird-watching society, and that a Fleet order has gone out saying: "Navy and Marine personnel will be invited to participate, and special emphasis will be placed on bird-watching at sea."

This is the kind of thing that makes very refreshing reading, and, frankly, we couldn't feel happier than at the thought of four-ring capitalists and snotties on the atomic battleships peering through binoculars and writing down in little notebooks: "Red feet, yellow bill, wingspan about nine inches."

If only pretty soon we could get some news about the Red Army taking up botany, and Uncle Sam's boys' interest in stamp collecting, we might begin to feel that those V-days of more than a year ago justified the junketings that accompanied them.

* * *

A FARMER of Dulceton, in Somerset, had tried in vain for two years to get essential pipes put into his homestead and cowshed. He recently advertised, offering any plumber a free farm holiday for as long as he liked with full pay, car drives, fishing, and shooting, if the guest would do the necessary work during his vacation.

someone you love very much. Can't you imagine how I felt, all alone last night? You happen to have known one of the radio broadcasters, so everything he broadcasts immediately becomes personal to you."

"You are right there," the girl said in a too-quiet voice. "I'm married to Terry McBride, and he is someone I love very much."

Betsy stared unbelieving at this girl who was her daughter.

"Now when could you have gone and done that?" Granny asked.

"The week-end and I was supposed to be visiting our dear cousins in Brantford."

Betsy turned abruptly and walked over to the window without a word. She stood staring out into the rain for a long time. She was looking at the orderly pattern of twenty-one years break into atoms. She, Betsy Blake, had made the pattern. And yet she knew all at once that Lisa had not broken it. She had broken it herself the night before when she had walked alone for Lisa.

The springs squeaked as Lisa threw back the covers and slid out of the side of the bed.

Lisa walked over to Betsy and put her hand on her arm. "I guess I should know better than anybody what a rough time you had of it last night, Betsy." A half-smile punctuated her words. "It's too bad we couldn't have arranged to have had our bad nights at the same time. It would have been company."

"Might be Lisa and Company," Betsy said. "I rather like the sound of that." Her eyes had a far-away look.

"No, Betsy and Company," Lisa said, and the light broke all over her face. "Well, anyway, just so there's Company. You see what happened the other night is going to happen again. The Nazis will come too close and he will have to run for it. Two weeks, a month maybe, unreported. And then some bright day his voice again from some other sector:

"Hello, Canada, McBride speaking—"

"And I can relax until it is time to go through it with him all over again. I will have to go through it every time, of course, because part of me is over there, too, that's the way it is when you are married to a Terry McBride."

"Yes, Lisa, you will, but never again alone. Not either of us."

Granny folded up the newspaper and said quietly: "Betsy, it's always struck me the world has a way of going right along."

(Copyright)

WORTH Reporting

Of Mice and Minutes

(U.S. research workers found that five of seven mice died within ten seconds when subjected to the sound of an alarm clock.)

IN that lost half-hour twist alarm clock and springing clear of the bedclothes to face the day.

Cowering from consciousness, fitfully clinging

To dreams that the scream of the bell chased away,

I stare with a foggy distaste at the ceiling

And bitterly ponder on mice and me.

If alarm clocks are lethal, how would rodents be feeling

If they raced for a tram on a snatched cup of tea?

How'd they face up to shopping and cooking and typing?

If they had half my burdens they'd lie down and die—

But the minutes tick on—let's get up and quit griping!

"Are you a dame or a mouse?" I cry.

—DOROTHY DRAIN

Late arrivals

ON recent bride ship we met Mrs. H. Farthing, a white-haired, rosy-cheeked English bride of the first World War, who was getting her first look at her husband's homeland.

Mr. and Mrs. Farthing have been coming to Australia for about 28 years, "but always something seemed to stop us," she told us.

"My husband was discharged from the 1st A.I.P. in England after we were married, and he was always telling me how wonderful Australia was," Mrs. Farthing said.

Mr. Farthing's family are descended from the first settlers in Australia, and his father owned the old Her Majesty's Hotel in Sydney 40 years ago. J. C. Williamson's now have the site.

"My family had almost given up hope of our ever getting to Australia, but I told them I was bringing my bride out and here we are," Mr. Farthing said.

English and American brides of this war on their way to Australia teased Mr. and Mrs. Farthing about their procrastination in leaving England.

Mr. Farthing will take his bride to live with his family at Double Bay, Sydney.

Swiss miss out

ABOUT 60,000 British people have visited Switzerland in the last five months. Each visitor is supposed to have bought at least one watch, a fountain-pen, several yards of textiles, gloves, and countless bars of chocolate.

Result is that the Swiss can't get their proper quota of these goods.

That powerful body, the Swiss Hotel-keepers' Association, says that too many British visitors arrive with a lump sum of money, spend it shopping within the first few days, then go home broke and cancel their hotel bookings.

They suggest that visitors should have instead a weekly money quota through a bank.

"We want people to enjoy our lovely country without spending all their money on trifles, and so having to return home without getting the best out of their holiday," says their spokesman.

Hollow laugh

ONE of our English correspondents tells us an anecdote of the visit of Norman Corwin, famous American radio dramatist.

Corwin was there at the height of the recent rains—England's worst season for 22 years.

He was collecting material for a programme about postwar England.

"I want to get a sound and make a record of it," he said, "a radiogenic sound symbolic of England to-day."

Answered a B.B.C. man bitterly: "Why not rain beating on an empty stomach?"

A NEW cake shop in Sydney has chosen what we feel is a particularly tactless location—bang opposite one of the most popular arcade weighing machines in the city.

Postbag

YOU never know what will pop up next in our Inward Mail basket. This week we opened a large single sheet of ruled paper, 16 inches wide by 13 inches deep, which we mistook at first for a legal document.

It was a letter from Mr. Rudolph Becker, ex-R.A.A.F., of St. Kilda, Vic., written in his own copperplate handwriting. This style of handwriting, he tells us, was taught him by his father at the age of six, but was frowned on by schoolteachers, who preferred the upright, rounded style.

His theory is that the reason most adults write so badly is that either they still use this childish mode or scribble in an attempt to disguise it. Mr. Becker thinks that school-children should be taught to write nicely in a style that will suit them for adult life.

Right after this letter we opened a pamphlet called "Hard Hitting Facts about Smoking."

Ignited by a Mr. Thomas H. Roach, of Thornleigh, N.S.W., it states "The burning of cigarette paper produces a DEADLY POISON. This affects the heart, and raises blood pressure."

It also states that cigarette smoking is a chief cause of insanity, and says among other things that many smokers become dope victims, first elated, then depressed.

"If a cigarette-smoker," asks the pamphlet, "are you willing to face these facts?"

We wished that we were, as we scabbled in our desk drawer for a bumper saved from the day before yesterday.

A GIRL would think that once she adopted leg paint her troubles with ladders would be over; but a lass told us the other day she got a bit careless with the paint, left a gap behind one knee, and was taken aback to hear her husband say: "Is that a hole in your stocking, dear?"

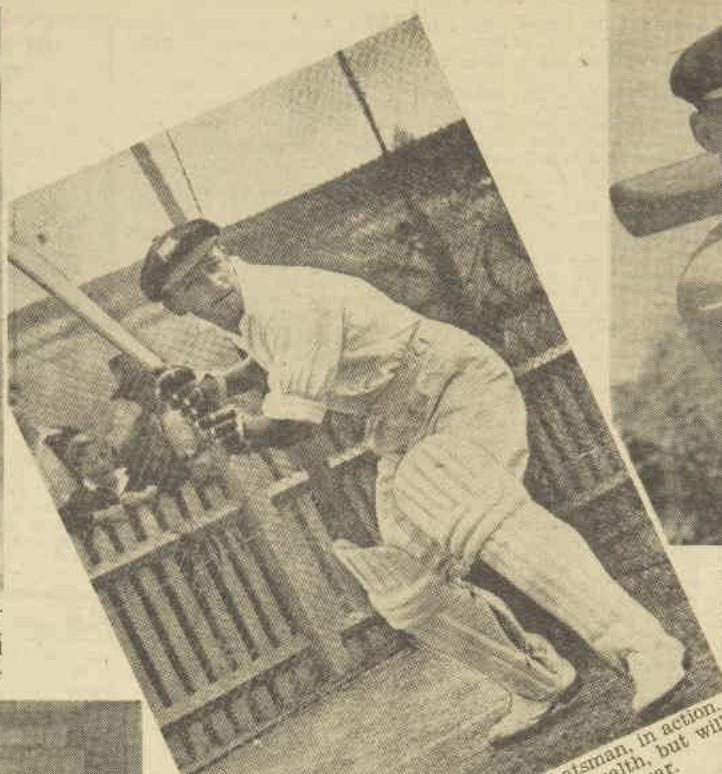
THE LITTLE SCOUTS



LOCAL TALENT FOR AUSTRALIA'S TEST SIDE



VICTORIAN BATSMAN Lindsay Hassett is possible choice for captain if Bradman does not play. Popular leader, when in A.I.F., he captained Services team which played at Lord's last year.



DON BRADMAN, world champion batsman, in action. Bradman retired in 1941 through ill-health, but will captain Australians if he plays this year.



QUEENSLAND BATSMAN Bill Brown veteran of four Tests; another possible captain. Brilliant boundary shots to leg make him crowd idol in matches.



S.A. BATSMAN Ron Hamence, who has played in number of interstate matches, relaxes at home with wife and daughter Lynette.



VICTORIAN ALL-ROUNDER Ian Johnson, member of team which toured New Zealand this year. Seen here with his wife, who is daughter of Test player Roy Park, and small son Bill.



HEFTY Rugby full-back Ray Lindwall is N.S.W. fast bowler. Has three sisters, all keen sporting fans.

BATSMAN AND WICKET-KEEPER for Marrickville, Ron Sagers has played Shield cricket since '39.



SLOW BOWLER Colin McCool (Qld.) keeps fit by doing a mile trot every morning and night.



QUEENSLAND BAT Bill Morris headed State batting list last year, averaging 51. Spends week-ends gardening.



WICKETKEEPER (Qld.) holds 12 dismissals in match. Toured

★ Will B is the now that t well-known include a n will be the led.



SID BARNES, N.S.W. batsman, is salesman. He is seen here with wife and daughter Helen.



BILL JOHNSTON, Victorian bowler, one time holder of world junior record in baseball, gave up game to concentrate on cricket. Took four wickets for 40 against N.S.W. last season. Good all-rounder.



QUEENSLAND LEFT-HAND bat, Rex Rogers, weighs 15 stone, has forceful drive. Best score was 131 against S.A.

VICTORIAN BEN BARNETT, batsman and left-hand batsman, understood Oldfield on the 1934 English tour.



N.S.W. LEFT-HAND BOWLER Ernie Toshack was glamor boy of N.Z. tour, got large fan mail. Giant of team (6ft 2in, 14st) he comes from country, has to have his cricket clothes specially made for him.



VICTORIAN BAT Ken Meuleman (centre), who has five centuries to credit in club matches and two in interstate matches, with his mother, a keen fan, and George Tribe, Victorian star slow bowler, also Test "hope."



W.A. Don Tallon, world record of 22 men in one hour N.Z. this year.

S.A. SLOW SPIN BOWLER Bruce Dooland, 22, was coached by Clarrie Grimmett, and is also brilliant field. Is seen here with his wife.



A.L.L.-ROUNDER Keith Miller (Vic.) is at present in U.S. to wed Boston girl.



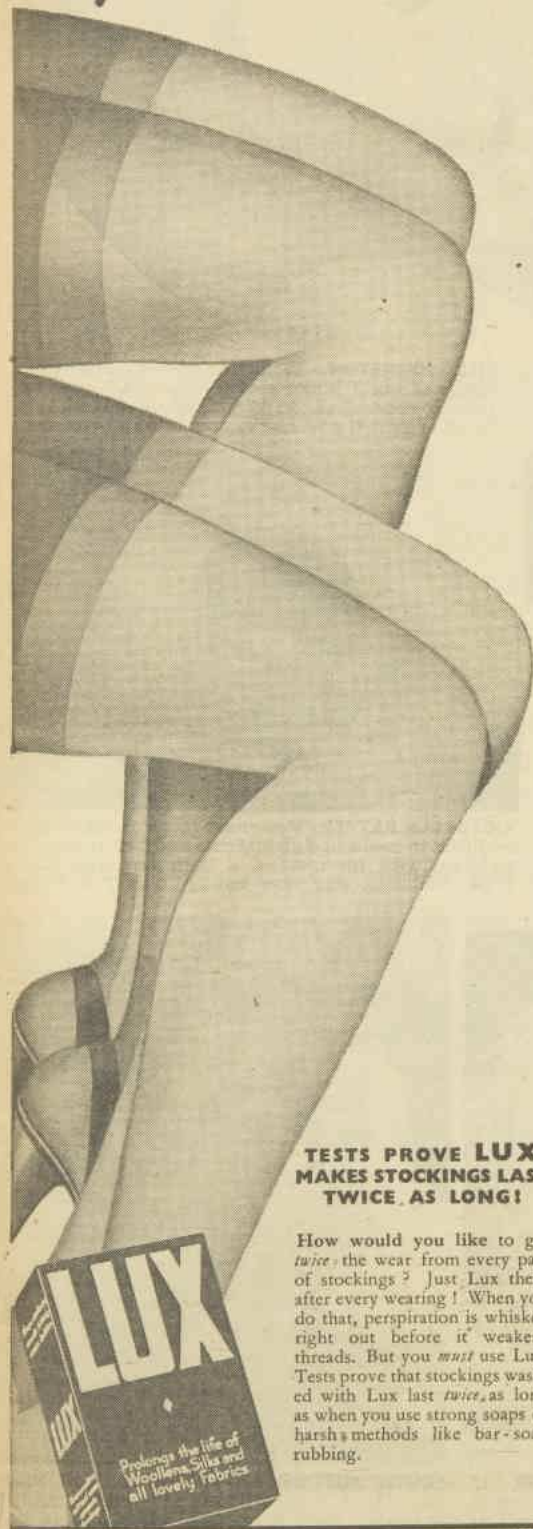
W.A. BOWLER C. Puckett, well-known baseball player, just out of the Army.



SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BATSMAN Geoff Noblet has played in many interstate matches and for Services. Seen here with wife, who is keen cricketing follower, and small daughter Susan.

Will Bradman play in the coming Tests against England? This is the burning question all Australian cricket followers are asking at the English players have arrived. As many of Australia's own Test cricketers have now retired, the team is likely to be made up of a number of promising younger players and England's team will be the older of the two. On these pages are pictures of local cricketers who may be chosen to play for Australia.

*"It's like getting
Two pairs of stockings
every time
you buy ONE!"*



**TESTS PROVE LUX
MAKES STOCKINGS LAST
TWICE AS LONG!**

How would you like to get twice the wear from every pair of stockings? Just Lux them after every wearing! When you do that, perspiration is whisked right out before it weakens threads. But you must use Lux! Tests prove that stockings washed with Lux last twice as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.

U.227.22

HED met Sarah Jane in Montreal. She was barely 17 then and Davy 19. At a commander's tea. Someone had said, "Miss James, this is Midshipman Ames," and Davy had known right away that Sarah Jane was his one and only.

Sarah Jane. She was slim and dark, with grey eyes and black hair. A gleam of white teeth between red lips. As trim as the Humber had looked the first time Davy laid eyes on his new ship. As lovely and as heartbreaking.

She wasn't Navy, as the Ames had been for generations. She was Society. She'd come down with an older sister, Emily.

The sister was very sophisticated. Rotos and gossip columns. But Sarah Jane was different. She hadn't yet made her debut. She'd come down for several parties. Davy had educated her in Navy tradition; shown her around. A grand girl. His girl.

It wasn't something you talked about; put into words. It was enough to feel as he did about her. To hear her laughing voice; catch the gleam of her smile, the sidewise glance of her grey eyes. He had her picture in a silver frame. He wrote her when he was at sea on his training cruise.

He hadn't begun to doubt until he went to Sarah Jane's coming-out party. It was very swank. There were more black and whites than he had seen at any one time. Pretty girls and not so pretty girls in colorful frocks and lads in tails who knew one another and looked at him as if he were an oddity in his blues.

That was the first time he'd felt any doubt. She seemed different with this sophisticated crowd about her. Sarah Jane was as nice as ever, but she smiled on the others and he had known jealousy and hurt. He hadn't shown it. He'd danced with innumerable girls; hated being seated at a table so far from Sarah Jane at supper. But he'd begun to doubt; to wonder and question.

He hadn't seen so much of Sarah Jane after that. He called her when he got to Halifax. She always had time to see him, but seldom alone.

The sister held open house at the James' apartment, and there were lots of uniforms whenever Davy hove up. Uniforms who seemed to be more interested in Sarah Jane than in Emily.

It was all very gay and artificial, too. You didn't carry your heart on your sleeve. You camouflaged. You double-talked the way everyone else did. You grinned and thought of wise things to say because that was the way it was done. And you didn't let Sarah Jane see how it set you on your beam ends.

He'd welcomed that stay in the Yard after the trials. He was in the throes then, and the thought of Sarah Jane tortured him. But it hadn't been any fun. Sarah Jane was as friendly as ever, but that was as far as it went.

He'd called her as soon as he could. Heard her light voice a few seconds after the butler had answered the phone. "Hello, sailor. How's the sea?"

"Restless—like me." Making it light and careless when the very sound of her voice shook him. "Got time to see a less-than-the-duster?" "Always time for the Services, Mr. Ames. Hold it a sec." And then, "How about meeting me at the Scotia at five?"

"Can do," Davy said. He'd hung up and gone out of the bustling Yard into the bright of Barrington Street. The trolleys rumbled past the drab shops and the streets were dour and ancient, hopeless in the summer sunlight.

He'd got to the Scotia early. Sat in the lobby. He was aching to see Sarah Jane because the Humber had left her mark on him and he longed for Sarah as a thirsty man longs for a drink of cool water.

She'd come as he stood up, slim and tanned in his whites, the gold stripe on his epaulets clean and new. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, square-jawed. He'd watched her come in a grey dress, a wisp of hat, and three uniforms alongside her. Putting out her hand. "Davy, how nice..." and then introducing the escort.

It had sent his spirits down into his boots and afterward it wasn't

A Ship's a Lady, too

Continued from page 5

any better. Dropping in at the James' apartment and finding crowds there—always a uniform or three. Getting the sister's speculative eye; hearing her say once, "Sarah, he's cute. Loan him to me some night when Buzz is around."

He didn't know which one was Buzz. He didn't try to find out. There was a Smitty who was a squadron-leader in the Air Force and Dutch who was Army Relations. There were others, and he couldn't help but feel, even as he smiled and cracked back at cracks, that he was just another.

It wasn't any good. Because he'd never feel about any other girl as he did about Sarah Jane, and if he couldn't depend on her she wasn't for him. Not for a moment.

He'd settled it, though, when he cut his last date with her—stood her up.

It wasn't intentional. He'd been going round in circles. Unhappy about his work and the Humber, unhappy about Sarah Jane and the way things were turning out. He never got a chance to talk to her alone. He told her so at some dumb dance he'd accompanied her to, with three other uniforms doing much better than he with the small talk.

He'd got her to himself the only way he could—on the dance floor. He'd looked down into her heart-shaped face, hoping no one would cut in before he'd had his say.

"Look here, Sarah Jane, when can a man get to see you alone?" Smiling, teasing it off lightly, because everyone seemed to shy from serious talk.

She'd laughed up at him.

"Why, Davy, I thought you loved being with lots of people after a ship's confinement."

"I love apple pie, too," Davy said, "but sometimes I like just an apple without the pie—or the cooking."

Sarah Jane dimpled. "All right, mister. Suppose you meet me tomorrow. At the museum. Make it noon. No one will ever run into us there. We can have lunch. I haven't a real date until three."

It wasn't much. That date at three rankled but it was something. It was a chance to talk to her; to look at her. To get back, perhaps, something of that feeling, that sureness that had been between them in Montreal.

Then he'd got back to the Docks and he'd found the Yard gang gone, the crew clearing up and all shore leave washed out.

He hadn't had a chance to phone Sarah Jane because you couldn't do that. You couldn't phone anyone. It was as good as saying, "We're putting out," and someone might hear who wasn't supposed to.

At noon that next day he was following Lieut. Small, the gunnery officer, on his rounds. Learning the job as every Probie must—being aide to all the staff from Skipper and X.O. to Gunnery and Communications.

He'd thought of Sarah Jane, sitting in the museum. He'd writhed and then he'd thought, "What's it matter? I'd probably have got serious and been put in my place. Maybe it's better like this." For of course she was furious and she'd written him off.

Then Lieut. Small said caustically, "Could I ask a favor of your attention, Mr. Ames?" and that was another black mark against him.

He let his breath go. The Humber fought the choppy sea. Not too many hours from now they'd be moving out of the harbor. The scattered cluster of Dartmouth buildings would be hazy to port. Bells would ring below and the Humber lose headway. Far across the teaming Yard he would see the red brick walls. The Yard men would take over warping the Humber once more into the graving dock.

She would settle down for a long stay. But he wouldn't drop a nickel. He wouldn't phone Sarah Jane James. He knew now he couldn't count on her, and in the Navy you had to be able to.

When he came off watch he washed and went into the ward-

room. A game of darts was going on. Lieut. Small and Lieut. Kris, the engineering officer, were smoking moodily. Davy was junior of even the juniors, and he wasn't too comfortable.

It was a good thing tradition banned any talk of politics, religion or women in the wardroom. Otherwise someone might have asked what sort of dish was making him left-handed on the starboard side as well.

He got to his feet with the rest when Captain Peters came in, stooping his head. The eyes on him were watchful, and Davy felt a stir of anxiety. There was something on the skipper's mind.

Captain Peters' eyes lifted as he sat down at the head of the table. He took a pull of the strong black coffee. He lifted a brow at Lieut. Kris, and the engineering officer lifted his shoulders in a faint shrug.

The skipper put his cup and saucer on the table. He passed his hand over his unruly hair.

"Gentlemen," he said slowly, "I hear my ship has been christened Mrs. Jonah. I don't like it. It isn't fair; and it is disastrous to the ship's company. The crew's efficiency is low enough without a bad name for the ship making it worse. They take their attitude from you officers. No matter how you feel it is up to you to hide it from the crew—to keep them on their toes. To make sailors of them."

He got up in the silence.

"You're disappointed. So am I. But just because there have been accidents, don't go jumping to conclusions. Don't condemn this lady on short acquaintance. Don't start thinking of her as a Jonah. Just remember she is your ship as much as mine. And remember she is a lady." He spoke over his shoulder. "Get the Book, Mr. Ames."

Davy crossed to the shelf where the few odd books were stacked. The Bible stood out in its sombre binding. He brought it across the wardroom and Captain Peters found the place; looked up. He smiled faintly.

"Listen. This is from Proverbs, 20. Numbers 18 and 19." He lifted the Book higher to the light and read, "There be three things which are too wonderful for me; yea, four which I know not: The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea..." He stopped. "The way of a ship in the midst of the sea, gentlemen. You don't know—and I don't trust her. Have faith in her until we do know beyond the shadow of a doubt."

He walked out. Davy took up the open Book and looked at the lines. At the line the skipper had not finished quoting. Then he closed the Book gently and put it away.

The sun was westering when he reported to the bridge again. Out on the wings the wind was fresh and the sky was reddening for more blow to follow. The horizon stretched empty on all points, and the Humber lumbered from chop to crest.

When he heard the hail, Davy put up his glasses. He focused them or the faint blur and went into the pilot-house. He saluted the X.O. "Ship at ten o'clock, sir."

The skipper came from his bunk beyond the chartroom. The rest of them swore he had antennae in his ears. He took up his glasses. "Alter course, Mr. Rice."

The Humber pettishly answered the rudder, swinging into the new course. Davy lifted his glasses, kept them glued on the faint speck touching the horizon. Excitement stirred in him; vanished as the Humber drew closer, the image in his glasses took on shape. A merchantman. A five or six thousand tonner.

Lieut. Rice said, "A merchantman, sir?"

"Apparently." Captain Peters answered. "We'll take a look." He said, "Engine room," and picked up the phone. The Humber shuddered. Almost immediately the faint shape made itself felt.

Please turn to page 30

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 5, 1946

TOOTAL FABRICS



*At last, a smart solution
to the apron problem!
Have one to match, so that it
looks as though it were
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DAVY frowned, not daring to look at the skipper. The ship pounded along and the merchantman grew larger. Battered and rusty, her decks piled high with lumber.

Captain Peters said quietly, "Make a signal. Ask for identification." Flags fluttered at last from the merchantman's balyards. Signals reported, "The Alice Foster, out of Hull. Dropped out of convoy, broken rudder. Swept off course while making repairs. Bound back to St. John's."

Mr. Rice said, "There was an Alice Foster in the convoy, sir. Fell out the first night."

Davy sighed, relaxing, not certain whether he was glad or not. The glasses before Captain Peters' eyes remained steady. His quiet voice said, "So there was, Mr. Rice. Make a signal to her to stand by."

He lowered the glasses. His eyes were narrowed. "Action stations."

Davy gulped. He jumped to the bridge contact. The bells began to clang throughout the Humber as the loud-speaker echoed and re-echoed, "Action stations."

The ratings stiffened. Davy could visualise the crew as they jumped. See the wardroom emptying. Turret hatches clanging shut; shellmen and powdermen taking their places in the magazines; the ammunition hoists beginning their grind. The sick-bay attendant scurrying to lay out his instruments in the mid-ship battle dressing-station.

He waited in agony while the seconds ticked by. The frown deepened on Captain Peters' forehead and Mr. Rice bit his lips. Then, laggard, the reports began to come in. Telephones manned; torpedo-tubes in position of readiness; turrets manned.

Mr. Rice saluted, spoke crisply: "Ready for action, sir. All stations manned."

Davy thought, "About time, too," but the skipper only nodded. "Very good, Mr. Rice."

Davy raised his glasses. From the plotting-room the range was coming in, the visibility report and wind velocity. Davy only half heard. He was concentrating on the Alice

Foster and on the tall figure of the skipper just before him. The Alice Foster hadn't stopped her engines yet.

The skipper said, "Engines full ahead," and the echo came, "Engines full ahead, sir."

Davy swallowed. He could fairly hear Lieut. Kriss cursing below, the tremble and shake of the port shaft increased. The Humber began to quiver and the sound of the blowers rose to a high whine.

And then Davy forgot everything, for before his eyes the Alice Foster seemed to change shape. The stacks of lumber fell away and he saw the wink of lights without grasping what they were until Captain Peters said sharply, "Hard aport," and the steersman said, "Hard aport on, sir." The Humber heeled, and as Davy realised what was happening the salvo raised great gouts of water in the creamy wake the Humber had just left.

Captain Peters spoke calmly to the steersman. The Humber heeled angrily again. The skipper said, his glasses focused, "Probably a submarine supply ship out of Norway. She must have picked off the Alice Foster, or one of her subs did. She knows too much."

The glint of white in Davy's glasses showed him the awastika rising to where the Red Duster had been flying before. The Hun's guns flared again, and behind him Mr. Rice said, "Six inches, sir."

He didn't say, "We're outgunned," but Davy knew he was thinking it. Six six-inches against their five five-inches. And the Humber as dependable as a drunken bumbast woman. It burned in Davy.

The skipper spoke as if to himself. "This is it. This is the test. She'll take it or funk it, but this is her chance. Engage."

The loudspeaker boomed. The Humber quivered in every plate. The slim muzzles of the turret guns flared. Water rose white in the distance and the speaker boomed again. Davy's lips were white. If she funk'd it; if the shaft tore the

port engines loose they'd be a sitting duck and the Hun was never a sportsman.

Captain Peters was giving his orders quietly. The five-inch guns were speaking sharply, regularly. There was a sudden burst of light; a terrific concussion. The Humber shuddered, paused, then picked up angrily as smoke rose from the fore-deck. A hit.

Davy's palms were wet. Captain Peters spoke to the steersman, turned his head. "Go down and see if you're needed, Mr. Ames."

Davy brought his hand up smartly. "Aye, aye, sir."

He was glad of the relief in action as he clambered down to where the foredeck was a mass of twisted steel.

Above the shouts and cries he heard a faint cheer and he knew the Humber's guns had scored. But this couldn't go on long. The Humber had no more armor than a sardine tin. And crippled as she was...

He tore his way into the knot of men, remembering coolly, automatically, what he had to do. There was only the Humber's speed to save them; to go what had to be done. Davy found himself whispering, even as he directed the men about him, "Stick it, old girl. You can do it."

He didn't feel the splinter that hit him. One moment he was staggering, blinded and gasping, from the battered turret, and the next he was blinking up at the rating bending over him, blood streaming into his eyes. He struggled to his feet, dabbing the blood away.

"I'm all right," he said, and the rating answered, "Yes, sir. Here's the dressing-station, sir."

The antiseptic stung; the tape hurt. Davy pushed his way back to the deck. The fire was under control, but the Humber was a shambles.

As he made the bridge he was aware, suddenly, of a new sensation. A sense of quiet, pulsing, powerful thrust in the ship's forward motion. There was no protesting shake from

the port shaft. Only that surging speed; the hiss of the high bow waves; a grim, determined roar of engines and blowers.

He saluted. Took up his station. The Humber was still zigzagging madly. Captain Peters said quietly, "Fire starboard torpedo tubes."

A shell whined overhead. As Davy waited the echo came from the panels. He didn't see the torpedoes go. He heard the report, "Starboard torpedoes fired, sir," and Captain Peters spoke again. The Humber swung in a sharp turn, reversing her course. Captain Peters said, "Fire port torpedoes."

The glasses trembled in Davy's hands. He saw the Hun suddenly obscured by a sheet of flame and spray. She seemed to rise as if lifted by Neptune's angry hand, then settle, bow and stern falling away from each other. Captain Peters said calmly: "Cease fire. Stand by to pick up survivors."

As if by signal there rose a cheer from the decks, from within and without, that made Davy's breath catch in his throat. The Humber surged on, grimly, determined. Mr. Rice said breathlessly, "A miracle, sir. She did it. She came through."

The skipper's eyes were bright. "Too wonderful for me," he quoted. "The way of a ship in the midst of the sea. A lady—every inch of her when it came to the test." He swung about, his eyes going to the wide tape. "You all right, Davy?"

Davy felt his eyes stinging at the salutation, the implied approval.

"I'm fine. Just fine, sir," he grinned.

The Humber was in the graving dock, but not disoriented, not disgraced. Rather she sat, more like a scrapheap than a destroyer, proud and confident, and her crew hung about her affectionately, as if loath to abandon her to the Yard gang.

Davy thought of that as he came out the gate and waited for the trolley. There was no feverish doubt in him—only a man's acceptance earned in battle.

HE put in the call uptown. He said, "Hello, Sarah Jane, this is Davy Ames."

Her voice was queerly high. "How nice, Mr. Ames, I'm sorry I couldn't wait at the museum. You didn't come—or did you?"

"I want to see you," Davy said. "May I come up?"

"Do, by all means. The more the merrier."

The butler opened the door to Davy. From the foyer he could hear voices and music. He gave his cap to the man, turned to the small sitting-room. "Will you ask Miss Sarah Jane to come out here?"

He took a cigarette out of his pocket, lighted it and then crunched it in a tray. He felt as he had when the Hun opened fire.

Sarah Jane came in, slim and straight. Emily was with her, nose crinkling. "Why, Mr. Ames you're been bawling."

Davy spoke briefly, like Captain Peters on his bridge. "Go away. I want to talk to Sarah Jane. Alone."

Emily stiffened. Then as if acknowledging his tone—his right to it—she went out. Davy looked at Sarah Jane in the soft-blue dress. Her eyes went wide, dark. "Davy, you've been in action."

"That's why I couldn't come," he moved to her. "I've got to know, I love you. I have for a long time. I've got to know whether there's a chance for me. Where I stand."

She was in his arms, her head against his shoulder. "Davy, I thought you didn't care..."

He stopped her lips with his kiss. Her hand rose to touch the bandage. "You—you might have been killed."

"Stow it," Davy said. "You're Navy now. You don't think of such things."

He looked down at her; at her flushed face, her parted lips and honest grey eyes. He thought, "Yea, there are four..." And the fourth was the most wonderful of all. "The way of a man with a maid." And of a maid with a man, too. He could count on her, as he could on the Humber. To the very end. And that was a grand feeling.

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BOUGHT IN 1909 AND STILL GAY AND LOVELY

I SAW THESE CURTAINS
MYSELF! says
Aunt Jenny



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this letter *
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5. WHEN YOU USE VELVET, EVEN DEEP-DOWN DIRT COMES AWAY EASILY... SAFELY VELVET'S EXTRA SOAPY SUDS MAKE LINENS LAST FOR YEARS



2. TEA TIME AT THE LIZARS and here's hubby and one of their sons still using the tea-cloth this wonderful housewife worked when she was a little girl. "30 years old, this cloth" says Mrs. Lizars proudly.



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Page 39

The Australian Women's Weekly—October 5, 1946

What's on your mind?

Swimsuit bad for adolescents

THE purpose of a bathing costume is to cover the body in conformity to public decency and taste, at the same time providing the least possible impediment to the swimmer.

I maintain that the latest type of "French" swimsuit defeats both purposes.

It is too revealing for decency and the wearer cannot hope to keep it on in a good surf or a moving river or even in quite calm water if she swims strenuously.

The "French" type of costume is nothing more than a vaudeville strip-tease stage costume.

Admittedly the female form is a thing of beauty and grace. But over-exposure of it can only cause temptation to adolescents.

This results in girls and women suffering from larrikin mobs and those whose physical growth has exceeded their mind and will power.

The present wave of sex crimes shows this danger to be very real.

11 to Mr. V. Head, 29 Ocean Rd. Manly, N.S.W.

Turn inside out

TELL B. White (14/9/46) to try turning her left-hand gardening and working gloves inside out and she will find they can be worn on the right hand. I have done this for years.

5/- to Mrs. V. Matten, 3 Julian St. Willoughby, N.S.W.

Peg problem

M. M. RAINBIRD (14/9/46) complains of present-day clothes-pegs snapping when first used. I wonder if she has ever tried boiling them in soapy water for a while, or even soaking them, before using. I have always found this method very satisfactory.

5/- to L. Wilson, 79 Young St. Fitzroy, Vic.

Murder's So Permanent Continued from page 7

WHEN I acquired courage enough to look up, I was startled. All of his apprehension was gone. He was kind, paternal, blandly smiling.

"Well, well. So that's it, eh? All of it? Well. And so it's your idea—yours and this young policeman—what's his name?—that I've murdered Janet, blew up Bill Thomas and is sabotaging my plant. Is that it?"

I was shaken but I stuck to my guns. "Who else could it be?" I asked diamally.

He placed the tips of his long fingers together and eyed me shrewdly.

"Well, now, I can think of several. What about the unknown in the equation? X—yes. What about X?"

"I've Wagner could be X," I asserted stubbornly.

"Because of the accident of his birth? Oh, my dear Linda! Would you condemn a man for something he cannot help?"

Put like that, it did sound unfair. I wavered. I said, "Well—but along with the rest of it..."

He was on his feet now, his smile benign. "Your doubts are perfectly understandable, my dear. It may be that only to one possessed of more comprehensive knowledge they seem ridiculous and far-fetched. Now, if I may venture a word of advice: Don't worry your pretty head about things you don't understand. Leave such matters to the police. They are theirs by right and training. I wager Worrall told you that, eh?"

"Yes. He told me I'd be safer. 'Eater? Ah, yes—Janet.' He sighed but the sigh came more from a sense of duty than because the name meant anything particular at

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names. Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned. Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Women planners

IT is time women had more say in planning homes.

Many women, especially those in outer suburbs or country towns, would prefer a larger kitchen instead of the modern kitchenettes, which may be all right for households without children; but provide nowhere for the children to play where they can be watched.

Women also know better than men where cupboards and power points would be best placed.

5/- to Bonnie Smith, Toongabbie West, N.S.W.

Hotless matrons

WHEN will manufacturers of millinery cater for the matron with a large head-fitting and put a little smartness into the styles? Out of hundreds of chic creations it is



hard to find one to really fit the middle-aged matron and she often has to go hatless in the semi-tropic sun. If she has the luck to strike a hat somewhere that will fit, it is dowdy.

5/- to Mrs. E. Robinson, 69 Ewing St., Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

Queer sympathy cards

THE house shortage is so acute that some people are even sending sympathy cards to bereaved people, accompanied by notes asking for first chance of the house should they be moving. Recently a friend of mine died and her family received many letters of this type from people they did not know. One card said: "What about your house?"

5/- to "Rosemead," George St., Moonta, S.A.

Leaving age

GOING to school until you are 16 years of age is all right for children who will do office or brain work of any kind; but 14 years is long enough for a boy who intends to be a potato-digger or farmer.

How are poor people who cannot afford to keep their children longer than that to manage?

A 16-year-old boy should be able to keep himself.

5/- to Arthur Cox, Forth, Tas.

Living with in-laws

YOUNG married couples living with their in-laws because of the housing shortage are often pitied. As one such young married mother I think it is time young people remembered that it can't always be pleasant for parents, who have reared their own family, to have a cranky baby to put up with, or a troublesome toddler running around.

Also, when baby is sick, we should not just cast aside our mother's advice. She has tried her suggestions before and would not offer them for her grandchild unless they were good.

5/- to Mrs. S. Harris, 62 March St., Maryborough, Qld.

Help to go home

I HAVE been in Australia for 17 years and when transport is easier would like the Government to help migrants who have been here 10 years or more to go home and see their relatives. I don't mean a free trip should be provided; but some concession in the fare.

5/- to Mrs. E. Rothwell, 26 Munro St., Ascot Vale, Vic.

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Please turn to page 33

"BREAKFAST at HONEYMOON HOTEL"



The best of all our white Australian Corn is that which goes into those big shiny ovens at the Kellogg Factory. No wonder Kellogg's Corn Flakes are out on their own for flavour! Always say Kellogg's before you say Corn Flakes. If at times your grocer does not have Kellogg's Corn Flakes in stock, don't blame him. It won't be that way always. We are continually expanding production.

THERE was no time for shudders entering the library. I was the last to get there. The others were ranged round the short, stubby figure of Dr. Robert McClure, chairman of the Library Board. I joined them.

The doctor was handing out keys, new keys. The locks, he told us, had been changed on every door in the library. From to-day on, responsibility for any—uh—unpleasantness in the library would rest solely upon the shoulders of those possessing the keys. These shoulders would belong to—uh—seven people—six, rather, for Miss Frank was still—uh—regrettably absent.

There would be only the six keys out—Miss Collins as head librarian would assume responsibility for Miss Frank's key until her return—since none of the board members at this time wanted to have a key.

Trust them, I thought bitterly, to stand from under. Not that I wanted one very badly myself.

There was the doctor went on, one more thing and then he would be done with the subject of keys. The police had requested that we, of the library, keep silent about the change in keys. No, he didn't know why. Doubtless they had some reason but he must say that, to the ordinary layman, some of their procedure seemed peculiar, to say the least.

He caught himself there, looked about him and hastily resumed. Upon another subject. The subject of windows.

All of the windows, he informed us, had been gone over carefully. Men would be here this morning to install bars across these in the basement. Their locks would also be checked. It seemed possible that the late—uh—intruder had gained entrance to the library through one of the basement windows. A lock had been discovered broken.

"Intruder" indeed, I thought. Deliver me from those neatly-mouthed hypocrites afraid to call a spade a spade. Why not face it honestly and say "murderer"! Since all of us, in our own minds, were so interpreting.

The doctor would also recommend—with a pompous little clearing of his throat—that we make it a point not to return to the library, under any circumstances, after its original closing hours. In fact, he intimated, the board would like to have that considered a rule. Mr. Hobbs, in his capacity of caretaker, was, we all knew, conscientious about checking over the building for stragglers, but just the same, as a matter of precaution.

As a matter of precaution, too, he trusted that we would keep a close watch over those patrons who requested keys to the various reference rooms—newspaper, government file, etc. These rooms were located in the basement and, as we probably realised, the basement was a large place offering a number of secure hiding places. (Judith Hyde, the children's librarian, whose domain, light and airy as it was, connected through a long passage with the rest of the basement and the rooms, looked suddenly sick.)

Mr. Hobbs, of course, would be on watch. The board had decided to install an inter-library communicating system so that it would be possible to talk with him from the desk without his having to climb the stairs.

It was practically ten o'clock by this time and the doctor muttered something about the hospital, an operation and his car, and vanished summarily.

The rest of us stood round in a little huddle. We wanted to talk—we needed to talk—and there wasn't time. The clock's hands stood at

ten o'clock and Hobbs moved toward the front door to let in the pressing hordes of people whose hands were already active upon the door.

Myra did manage to get in a word before they were upon us. She said, "Girls, we must remember not to talk. To anyone—patrons or newspaper reporters or—to anyone. The board doesn't want us to. Neither do the police. Anyway, what could we tell them? We don't know anything!"

On the contrary, I thought dreadingly as I joined Esther Beardon at the desk, we know too much. Or one of us does.

Esther had picked up the dater and was turning the cylinders to the proper numerals. She said softly, "Do they know anything yet—the police?"

"I don't know," I replied as cautiously. "It'll take time, I suppose."

"It was terrible about that watchman at Gardner's," Esther went on. She tried the dater on a bit of paper, threw the paper away. "Edgewater's certainly experiencing a crime wave."

Two crimes—but only the one wave, I told myself, and then had to let it go for the first rush was upon us.

That day was a nightmare. People came in droves.

We met curiosity in the mass. Sweet-faced old ladies asked in careful whispers if they might be

shown where the body was found. Others, better informed by reason of the papers, simply pushed their way in to the librarian's office and stood around and stared. It became necessary to close the office door. Later, to lock it.

All day long we worked amid a chorus of whisperers. Boys and girls of high school age hung about in groups which no hint, however broadly stated, could disperse. Infants from the children's department, drawn by the general excitement, tiptoed in and scuttled out again. Prominent Edgewater citizens, never before known to have frequented the library, walked in to look about and then walked out again.

Added to those were the regulars on legitimate business—the mailman, the expressman, the man who read the electric meters, a plumber who suddenly remembered that ages ago he had been asked to check up on a defective pipe.

I retired from desk work before noon. I couldn't stand the constant prying of eyes, the endless impertinent questioning. Shorthanded though we were, I established myself in Myra's office and answered the telephone.

The calls came in almost without let-up. Would the library be open to-day? Was it open now? It would—it was. Thank you. Hang up and then buzz again. Edgewater library. Yes, the library was open. No, we were not charging fines on books due last Saturday. Yes, bring them and it will be all right. Hang up and buzz again.

Edgewater library. Yes, the children's room would be open at two o'clock, and little Johnny would be perfectly safe if he came down. No, the police were not stationed here. No—Yes—No.

It went on, ad infinitum. In between times, I laid my head on my arm and tried to think, and couldn't. I didn't seem to have anything to think about. Or perhaps, conversely, I had too much. My mind was forever shooting off on pointless little tangents. To save my soul, I couldn't see how the police expected to get anywhere. It was just a muddle, a hopeless one.

Still, someone had said—who was it?—that the secret of successful crime detection consisted in a persistent following of the little ends that thrust themselves out from the big ball of investigation. If that were true.

This whole thing had started in the library. Sure! There must be plenty of ends here. If only I could find them.

The telephone rang again. Lieutenant Worrall dropped in about noon. He nodded to Esther at the desk, raised his eyebrows at the miscellaneous group who milled about, and then came straight to Myra's office.

"I thought I'd find you here," he said. "Dodging the inquiry?"

"Something like that," I said ruefully. "You've no idea what it's like."

"Oh yes, I have." He dropped it at that. "What're you doing?"

"Answering the telephone." It rang just then for the umpteenth time and I demonstrated. "And trying to think."

"I wouldn't. Thinking's dangerous."

"Some more of that what you don't know won't hurt you? Because you're wrong—it does hurt. Horribly."

"Too bad." He didn't sound sorry. "I suppose nothing new's happened?"

I didn't ask where or pretend to misunderstand. I shrugged. I said, "Well, if you heard any loud noise this morning it was probably a precedent shattering. Gloria Gardner went down to the plant to learn about the business."

"She did?" The black eyebrows jumped forward. "Go on. Tell me."

I hadn't expected he'd be impressed. I enlarged on the subject then.

"Elsa Gardner didn't like it." I finished, "but Mr. Gardner said unfortunately it wouldn't be Iren Wagner who would inherit the plant, so—it sounds a little." I couldn't help saying complacently, "as though he might be coming round to my way of thinking."

"To your way of thinking?" He pounced on that. "Do you mean you've been filling up Charles Haynes Gardner with that rigmarole you were handing me last night?"

I felt guilty without knowing why. "You—you didn't say not to," I began uncertainly.

Again the eyebrows shot upwards. "How'd he take it?"

"Well," I was meek now, "he didn't seem surprised or anything. Relieved, rather—as though it wasn't as bad as he'd thought it might be."

He said, "Humph!" to that, and ran his fingers through his hair. "Well, the milk's spilt now. You talk too much, but then—so do I—so do I. From now on we'll keep it on this basis—that you don't know won't hurt me!"

Obviously I'd been insulted, but I couldn't help asking, "What are you going to do now?"

Please turn to page 40

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

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Valerie is a really lovely nightgown made in soft gleaming satin. Colors: Pretty coral-pink, sky-blue, Nile-green, and white. The shaped and gathered bodice is trimmed with self-trimming and has wide shoulder-straps. The waistband is exceptionally wide, which gives an attractive slimming effect, and skirt is full and gathered in centre with imitation smocking. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 37/11 (11 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 39/11 (11 coupons). Postage 1/6d extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 24/11 (11 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 26/11 (11 coupons). Postage 10/6d extra.

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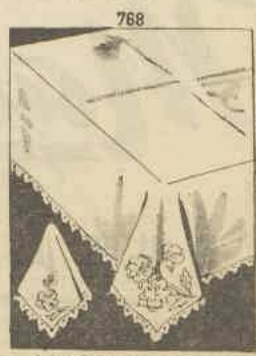
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TO ORDER: Fashion Frock and Needlework Notions can be had from our Pattern Dept. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 51.

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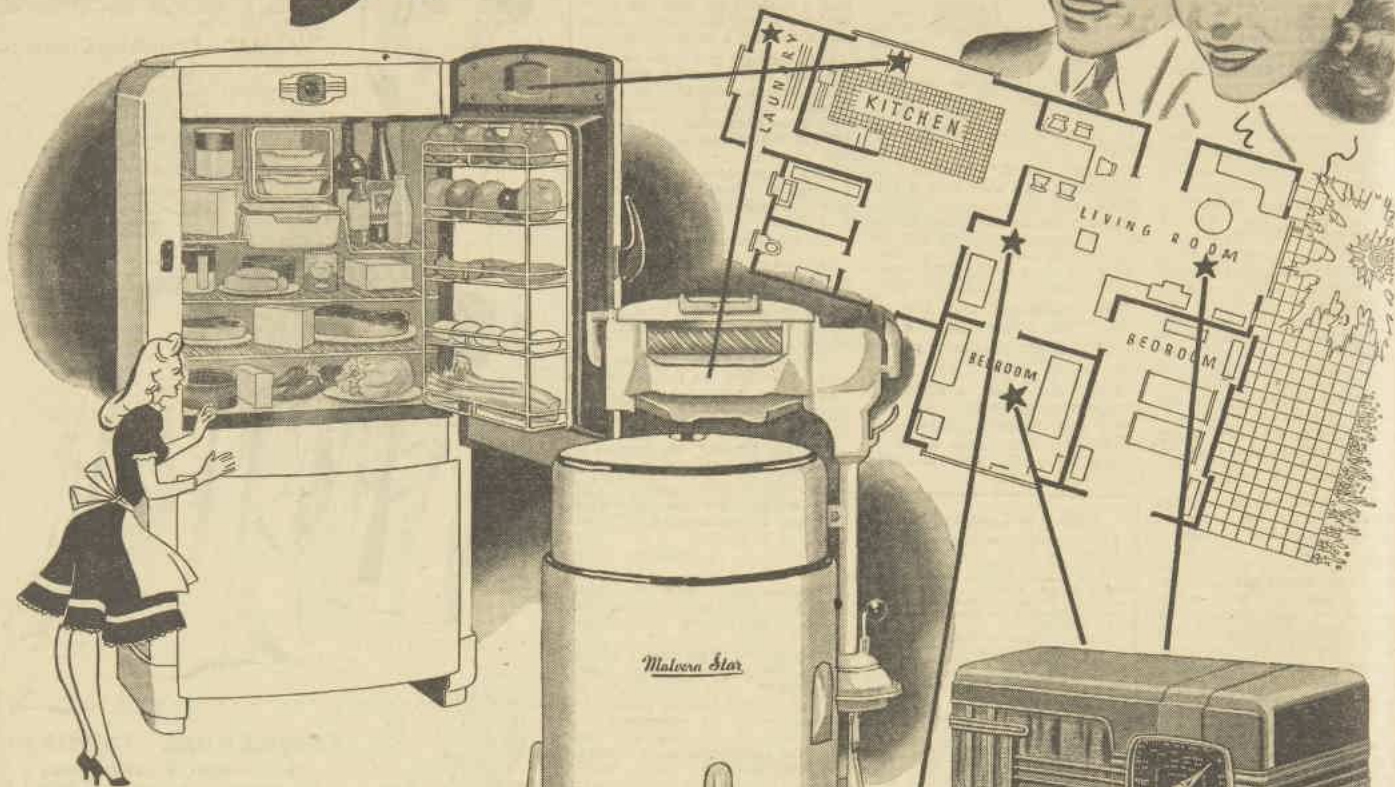
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The trouble with men is...

By MARJORIE MCGREGOR

MY Great-Aunt Hyacinth says that a great deal of pernicious nonsense is poured into the ears of young women, advising them how to get their man.

My Great-Aunt Hyacinth has outlived three husbands, and therefore claims to be an authority on the subject of man-getting.

Her contention is that telling people what to do to attract a man is so much rubbish.

"Any woman with an ounce of sense knows that some man will like her," she says. "Now I never made the faintest attempt to attract any of my husbands." (No one who knows Aunt Hyacinth would doubt this for a minute.)

"But what is needed," she continued firmly, "is some good, sound advice on how to avoid getting the wrong type—and by that I don't mean the primary points of avoiding drunkards, gamblers, and thieves.

"I see so many young women making elementary mistakes. They haven't—to use one of your brother's offensive expressions—a clue.

"I will pass over the obvious mistake about marrying for love," she continued, "as it seems quite impossible, nature being what it is, to do anything about that.

"The trouble with men is... well, let us be specific and take first the Case of Your Aunt Beatrice."

(We had always regarded Aunt Beatrice's husband, Herbert, as a model. He was most helpful in the house, and could cook a meal as well as anyone.)

But Great-Aunt Hyacinth was obviously reading my thoughts.

"Never," she said firmly, "marry a man who can cook. It is a fallacy, commonly held by young women to-day, that a husband who can cook is an asset.

"Now, I know for a fact—for I am very observant—that Herbert's cooking knowledge has been Beatrice's greatest cross.

"I remember once going there to dinner when they were first married. I overheard Herbert say: 'My dear, that's not the way to cook cauliflower; you must keep the white part neatly to the top in the saucepan.'"

"But," I felt moved to protest, "Isn't that right, Aunt Hyacinth?"

"It doesn't matter," said Aunt Hyacinth, "whether he was right or wrong. A man is a nuisance in a

Beware of the man who studies fathercraft. Not only may he interfere, but he will take too much of the credit for its healthy appearance.

kitchen. The little bit of help you get from him is more than offset by the continual criticism, silent or otherwise, of all your efforts.

"We did not, in the days when your Aunt Beatrice was married, talk about psychology. There is a great deal too much talk about it now-

days. But much as I dislike mentioning the word, I am sure that the shadow of Herbert's efficiency had a bad psychological effect on Beatrice as a cook. You must know. You must have eaten her pastry.

"You get the same trouble whenever a man helps in the house. In my day, of course, it was not done for a man to help with the washing, except in extreme cases. If a woman was ill, naturally the creature would do what he could, but he always did it in great secrecy.

"Nowadays men talk quite openly about helping the wife with the wash. But what happens? The first thing you know they start telling you how to get the clothes a better color."

"Well," I interrupted rather unfortunately, "you won't have any fault to find with my Clarence. He can't cook at all, and his mother says he is useless in the house."

"Clarence?" said Aunt Hyacinth. "Ah yes, Clarence..."

She paused. "I have never said anything for or against Clarence, and that is your own affair. But I think I overheard him remarking that he liked the frock you were wearing last time you called togeth-

er?"

"You have only to consider the Case of Your Aunt Beatrice's Second Cousin, Violetta, who, you may not remember, married one of the Thistle-down-Quinces.

"Now Thistle-down-Quince was not a bad type of young man. But if you had ever seen your kinswoman Violetta, which you may thank heaven you have not, you would note that she is still dressed in the fashion of 1913.

"The trouble was that Thistle-down-Quince noticed women's clothes and had very strong views on what he liked and did not like.

"The correct attitude for a man to take about clothes is that they are something he is expected to pay for, from time to time. But when he can tell a tricorn from a beret; when he starts having ideas about whether a square neck or a round neck becomes you; worst of all, if he understands such terms as 'peplum,' take care.

"Poor Violetta became so crushed in the process of trying to buy something that Thistle-down-Quince would like as well as herself that she eventually reverted to the fashion of 1913.

"It happened that that was the year of their courtship, and he, hav-

ing been slightly bemused at the time, admired her clothes then. So she just kept on having copies of them made up to the present day."

Gloomily I decided to watch Clarence more carefully before making up my mind, but only remarked rather cheerfully that, anyway, those were things you could easily find out.

"Yes," said my great-aunt darkly, "those things you can. But you have to be more careful in anticipating what will happen to a man when he becomes a father.

"There again, the regrettable modern tendency is that a man should take an intelligent interest in his child. This is all very well after the age of, say, three.

Interfering fathers

"IN my day fathercraft had not reached the pitch it has nowadays. I have to turn to some younger examples such as the couple next door, Horace and Harriet Hayflower. Whenever the child cried—when it was a few weeks old—Horace rushed in with an opinion.

"Before it arrived he used to ring her up from the office every day to ask what she was going to eat for lunch.

"Now the child is two years of age he persists in taking much of the credit for its healthy appearance, and the other day, when I looked over the fence, he was not mowing the lawn as he should have been, but sitting under the camphor laurel tree reading a book entitled 'Your Child, Is It Adjusted?'

"The only suggestion I can make to young women on detecting these interfering tendencies is to take their fiancés occasionally to homes where there are young children.

"You might do it with Clarence. Watch him carefully. If he betrays the slightest interest when the parents are telling him what the child eats or does not eat; or what it said to the milkman—those are danger signs."

"I'll take a few notes on all that, Aunt Hyacinth," I promised her.

"But you know, in all these cases you've never mentioned any of your own husbands. Didn't they have any of these faults?"

"Why, yes," said Great-Aunt Hyacinth, looking as near as possible to coy as anyone of her age and strength of character; "but you know, I couldn't help liking them."



Film magnate visits daughter of Tyneside docker

By air mail from BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

Transatlantic friendship of Hollywood film heiress Eleanor Brody and Tyneside docker's daughter Loretta Todd took the U.S. millionaire film magnate, Steve Brody, on a visit to grimy, poverty-stricken Newcastle, England. Eleanor is his 13-year-old daughter, Loretta her pen-friend.

UNTIL thirteen-year-old Eleanor in Beverly Hills wailed over the Transatlantic phone to her father in his suite at the Savoy Hotel, London. "But, Daddy, you promised to see her," plump, greying Steve Brody had shied at the idea of a trip up to Newcastle. There was no plane service and he was busy at the time with pressing film conferences.

He decided his life wouldn't be worth living if he got back home without seeing Loretta, and so the president of Monogram Pictures took a seven-hour train trip across the length of England to look her up.

The friendship started last year, when Eleanor Brody, at a Hollywood school, drew the name Loretta Todd from a list of British school-girls, decided to send her small parcels of candy and dried fruit.

From her tenement kitchen in Sunderland, near Newcastle, Loretta wrote a dignified letter of thanks.

They continued writing and became such friends that whenever a letter with a British stamp on it was delivered to Eleanor Brody in Beverly Hills their palatial home rang with the news: "There's a letter from Loretta!"

Said her father: "It changed the whole complexion of my family. Eleanor has two younger brothers, each a year older than Loretta's two

brothers, and it became a real family event when her letters came."

It was the same for the dock-laborer's family in Sunderland, although they did not know the Brodys were rich film people.

When a limousine swished into their lot, scattering a swarm of alley cats, all the grubby children stared at the well-dressed man who got out to call on Loretta.

She brushed her hair, pinned some flowers on her best dress, and was whisked away to tea and cream cakes with her girl friend's millionaire father.

In some of her letters to Eleanor she had confided that it was her dream to own a swimsuit, so that she could go down to the local baths. And there was Steve Brody shipping a box containing a dazzling two-piece bathing costume in her hand.

Only slight disappointment was, it doesn't fit yet.

He said, "I felt foolish, because it was miles too big for her. I thought Loretta would be about the same size as my own husky daughter, but she's very tiny. Anyhow, sending her another one will be easy now."

The day after that momentous meeting Loretta had to go to the local clinic for sunray treatment,



MILLIONAIRE Steve Brody and his daughter's pen-friend Loretta Todd, a Tyneside docker's daughter.

From the pains she complains of, the district nurse is afraid of her developing rheumatism.

The swimsuit was too big for her because she has never been strong.

"Now you'll just have to grow dear," said her mother, who goes out charring to help the family budget. While she is away, Loretta looks after her two younger brothers and tidies up their tiny three-room home before going to school.

Last Christmas brought a problem to Loretta, wondering what sort of gift she could send. With some curtain-rings and a piece of pink tape she made an Alice-in-Wonderland hairband.

Eleanor wrote back: "Thanks a lot for the swell hairband. It goes perfectly with my pink sweater."

But now there's awe in the voice of Loretta Todd when she talks of the girl friend she writes to in America who has turned into the daughter of a film millionaire.

It would be a pity if a sudden self-consciousness put a new and awkward accent on their friendship. They were getting on so well together,



HAPPILY MARRIED for more than three years, Ginger Rogers and her husband, Jack Briggs, spend their time between films at their ranch in Oregon, where both help to harvest the crops. Nat Dalton snapped them at Club Mocambo in Hollywood recently. Ginger will soon be seen in "Heartbeat" for RKO, and her husband is an assistant director for the same company.

Ginger Rogers has her own ranch

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Ginger Rogers, rancher, is a different girl from Ginger Rogers, film star, though the same vivacious personality and curvaceous figure are recognisable.

Rancher Rogers wears blue denim trousers and a plaid shirt, while film star Rogers sways dreamily in sheer chiffon.

AT Universal I chatted with Ginger as she prepared to make a metamorphosis into her rancher role.

Ginger unhooked the hooped skirt which she wears in the film, "The

Magnificent Doll," in which she plays the first lady of the White House, Dolly Madison, opposite David Niven.

She said: "I am heading for my ranch in Medford, Oregon, where I will help bring in crops with my husband, Jack Briggs."

Jack is now assistant-director at RKO, and is finishing up his picture in order to join Ginger in their station wagon trek up north.

Mr. and Mrs. Briggs will supervise the harvesting of their eleven hundred acre ranch, through which runs part of the Rogue River.

Ginger told me that their four-bedroomed ranch house is in early American style maple wood.

"I learned housekeeping when Jack was in the Marines, and followed him from post to post, living in one-room flats," she said.

"Now it is easy for me to rise early at the ranch and whip together batches of pancakes and bacon and eggs."

During the war produce of the ranch kept an Army post supplied with eggs and milk.

Now Ginger sells barley and wheat only.

The ranch is located at the foot of a mountain and permits skiing, even in June, after a short car ride.

Ginger and Jack also swim and have shooting competitions, though Ginger confesses that she does not like to shoot game, but adores fishing.

She believes in a well-balanced life, does not believe her own publicity, and maintains that air of sincerity which may account for her long and popular screen career.

Ginger is planning to be her own producer. Mr. and Mrs. Briggs expect to work together behind the scenes.

Dominions as locations for future films

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

BRITISH Dominions will provide settings of stories for new screen dramas by Kinsmen Films, a new company which movie magnate Sir Alexander Korda has formed.

English stars Trevor Howard and winsome Barbara White start the ball rolling, heading a location unit in Canada to appear in a French-Canadian love story of a trapper and his sweetheart in pioneering days of the popular Canadian novel "Marie Chappelaine."

Before the announcement of Korda's new company it was already known that he planned Australian film "Smiley," and author Moore Raymond, with whom I spoke at London's Hungaria Restaurant yesterday, said: "I'll be catching the plane for home at the end of this month to start a search for a boy star."

"I had hoped Zoltan Korda would be coming with me as my director, but he is engaged in Hollywood, and I may not know who directs my picture until the day I leave."

WHILE Ann Todd and Phyllis Calvert are going to Hollywood, Ann Crawford says her visit to America shortly will be to visit her aunt in Chicago.

It is not known, however, whether her Chicago aunt will turn out to be one of the three Hollywood producers who have been bidding lately for her signature on a contract.

SALLY ANN HOWES is most unhappy to be getting out of bustles and crinolines after the filming of Ealing's period picture "Nicholas Nickleby."

"I never have been happier than when I was wearing them," she said sadly. "Though they may look heavy and uncomfortable they gave me a lovely sense of poise and feeling of grace, which you never get with modern clothes."

LEADING English stars Margaret Lockwood and Valerie Hobson both have their first technicolor vehicle in their long screen careers noted down in their engagement books. Margaret will play a clairvoyant gypsy girl in "Jassy" with Patricia Roc.

Valerie will star with a leading man from Hollywood in "Blanche Fury." Both films are in the nineteenth century period.

JAMES MASON is proving to be quite a witty columnist and used his new job to silence a critic who quoted him as complaining about the flocks of people who nowadays besiege his Hertfordshire farm, making private life impossible.

"Remember," the critic said, "they are the people who bought you that farm."

Wrote Jimmy, "When I pay a penny for a copy of the 'Daily Mail,' I do not imagine I bought the privilege of watching Lord Rothermere have tea on his terrace."

CHEERFUL smiles from both Loretta Young and David Niven for young Nona Griffith, who appears with the stars in Paramount's "The Perfect Marriage," though Miss Young recently had a stillborn baby and Niven lost his wife, Primula, in an accident.



AN old-fashioned childish game for Robert Walker (left), Jean Wells, and Van Heflin on the set of MGM's "Till the Clouds Roll By," a technicolor story of the life of composer Jerome Kern.



A MODERN truck seems a rather incongruous seat for English Patricia Roc, dressed in period costume for the Universal technicolor Western, "Canyon Passage."

Film Reviews

★★★ THE OVERLANDERS

AUSTRALIANS can be proud of this film for many reasons—especially the thrilling beauty of their own country and the heart-warming efforts of the cast superbly led by Chips Rafferty.

English director Harry Watt and Ealing Films who made the picture have earned the highest praise.

Rarely has the camera caught so magnificently the brilliant light of the outback. Cameraman Osmond Borradaile has taken many unforgettable shots which have the details of a fine etching. Watching, you almost feel the stifling heat and sense the sweaty smell of cattle.

The script, based on a feat of Australian drovers in 1942, is deliberately understated. Director Watt has kept the dialogue to a minimum.

It rests mostly on a narration by Chips Rafferty in the part of drover Dan McAlpine who organised the task of driving 1000 head of cattle from Wyndham across to Queensland.

"Let's give it a go," says Chips, referring to the gigantic trek. This is typical of the understatement which Dan makes in his slow Australian voice, but shots of his face bring out more forcibly than words the true Australian outback type.

The national hardness, toughness, and relentlessness when on the job and the familiar relaxation into lazy ease whenever possible are perfectly illustrated.

Every actor seems more like a real person than an actor. John Fernside, John Nugent Hayward, Jean Blue (excellent as Ma Parsons), Helen Grieve, Daphne Campbell, and

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Peter Pagan fill every minute of their roles with interest.

Two aborigines act like veterans. There is an extraordinarily vivid episode when one of them finds the water bore running dry, and watches his horse licking the final drop from the trough.

Film-goers who miss this unique and splendid portrayal of Australia should be condemned to an exclusive film-diet of stilted artificial musicals—M.A.B.—Lyceum, showing.

★★★ KITTY

PARAMOUNT'S period piece starring Paulette Goddard in a role which inevitably suggests "Forever Amber" has been well done.

The story of an eighteenth century hussy who rises from rags to riches has been unusually lavishly staged, though it lacks technicolor.

Kitty starts off as a petty thief and becomes the toast of London. A couple of marriages, a child, and a devotion to a toffish cad (Ray Milland) are all things which happen to the ambitious and vivacious Kitty.

Miss Goddard, who missed the role of Amber, can snap her fingers at that film, as she has got in first with her portrait of Kitty. Milland, wearing a snarl as easily as he don't his elaborate period clothes, makes Sir Hugh Marcy a worthless but intriguing individual. Patric Knowles, Reginald Owen, and Cecil Kellaway are all good, especially Owen as the doddering old Duke who marries Kitty. Kellaway plays the part of painter Gainsborough who "discovers" Kitty—State, showing.

GOING up the screen ladder the harder way is director Laurence Huntington's daughter, Sheila, who decided to break into films and kept her identity secret.

When Wesley Ruggles was choosing beauties for his "Dance and One Girl" for the musical "London Town," she turned up with other girl aspirants and is now among the thirteen screen lovelies.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 169-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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MUM... Finds the flashlight a blessing when she goes out to the Laundry to soak the washing over night. "I'm a real country woman," says Mum, "but I don't like risking nasty spiders or cockroaches in the dark, any more than City women do."



MABEL likes to slip in once or twice at night to make sure the twins are alright. "This Flashlight saves me from waking them up by putting on the main light."



Of course... **ALF AND ANNIE** have electric light. A fuse blew last night! Alf reached for his Flashlight - it wouldn't work. "Did you put in Eveready DATED batteries?" said Alf. "All batteries are the same, aren't they?" said Annie. So Alf went out with a candle. The candle blew out - and the shock Alf got from the fuse box, knocked him almost cold! Now Annie knows that you've got to buy Eveready DATED Flashlight batteries. Fresh batteries give stronger light - Never leave you in the dark. Always ask for Eveready DATED Flashlight Batteries!



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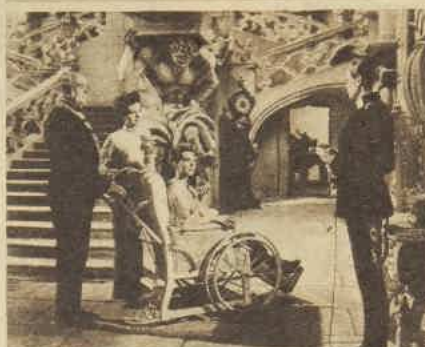
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BEWARE OF PITY



1 CRIPPLED Baroness Edith (Lilli Palmer) is visited at her castle by handsome Lieut. Anton Marek (Albert Lieven). Not realising her disability he asks her to dance at ball.



2 AT GARRISON Anton receives letter from Edith, apologising for her hysterical reaction to his embarrassment at realising she is unable to walk. She invites him back.

Austrian setting for drama

TAKEN from the powerful novel by Stefan Zweig, this *Two Cities* British film is set in pre-1914 Austria. Its message is the terrible damage which can be done by kindly, well-meaning people who take pity on the suffering.

Lilli Palmer, the young Viennese actress, wife of film star Rex Harrison, has her biggest film role in the part of Edith, who, paralysed after a riding accident, becomes neurotic, misjudging the pity offered to her by the man with whom she falls in love.



3 PITY for invalid takes Anton to castle where he pretends he knows a paralysis cure given by Swiss doctor.



4 SUICIDE threat by Edith follows her fear that Anton is lying and offering to marry her only because of pity.



5 OUTBREAK of war forces Anton to leave suddenly for Vienna, though he realises he really is in love with Edith and wants to marry her.



6 MESSAGE to Edith from Anton through blind woman (Gladys Cooper) does not convince her that she is not just victim of his pity. She drags chair to terrace edge and falls over mountainside.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—October 5, 1946

Page 39



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Murder's So Permanent

Continued from page 33

LIEUTENANT Worrall scowled at me and said, "Even if I knew what I was going to do, I wouldn't tell you."

"I'm sorry." I wasn't, but it seemed the thing to say.

He estimated it correctly. "I'll bet you are!" he said. "All right—here's another chance. Notice anybody who's having trouble with their teeth since Saturday night?"

"False teeth, you mean? Those you found with Bill Thomas? Why, no—I don't think so. And I'd probably notice. Why? Are they a clue?"

"I suppose you could so term them." He looked tired suddenly. Older. "They appear to have at least as much potential value as the rest we possess. Miss Metcalfe's diary that fizzled out, and the kitchen knife that could have been purchased in any store in town, and the missing Miss Frank. No fingerprints—nothing but dead ends. I wonder why I ever wanted to be a policeman."

He was at the door, and all of a sudden I didn't want him to go. I cast about for conversation. "I know a man who doesn't have any teeth at all. Mr. Hobbs. The janitor here."

His eyes flickered a little. "Is that to be your next subject for broadcast? Someone should warn the poor guy."

It was mean. It was uncalled for. "Go away!" I said. "I don't want to talk to you! I hate you!"

He laughed. And went.

I was still seething when Andy called. It was time for lunch—hadn't I noticed? He'd lugged Gloria round all morning, but certainly wasn't going to eat with her, too! His grandfather and Irven could look out for her. Why didn't I grab my hat?

I grabbed my hat. That is, I asked Myra if she cared if I went to lunch now, and she said she didn't. Nobody else seemed to care either—the very air of the library was apathetic—so I went.

It was nice outside. The sun shone and the car tyres hummed against the closely packed snow. Andy took the river road that led southwards past the stockyards and the packing plants. It wasn't our regular route, and I wanted to know why.

Andy said he didn't want to talk. That is, if we ate downtown, there'd be fifty guys round who'd want to ask questions about what was going on at the plant, and he'd had enough of that. The whole subject made him sick.

It sounded reasonable. I asked nothing more.

As a matter of fact, we didn't eat in Edgewater at all. We went on to Mapleton, which is about six miles out and practically a suburb. We ate fried chicken at a roadside restaurant and talked. That is, Andy did and I listened. For a person who hadn't wanted conversation...

He'd had a filthy morning. It was enough to make a cat sick to watch the men kowtowing to Gloria just because her name was Gardner. I could bet she licked it up, too—she'd had the time of her life. She was going to have a desk in his grandfather's office, too—they'd got that far.

I was bored and showed it. About the time Andy'd decided he wanted a beer, I left him. We were near the Mapleton Library. I thought I'd go in for a minute—I'd met Miss Burton and it was only courteous. "Busman's holiday, huh?" Andy sneered, but he nodded to go ahead. I said I'd meet him at the car.

The library was closed until two o'clock. I came down the steps and wandered along past the half a dozen small-town stores, glancing perfunctorily through their windows.

It was fortunate. Because it was through the window of one of the stores that I saw Marilyn Frank.

At first I couldn't believe my eyes. I just stood there staring at her and she stared back. She wore the brown fur coat she'd worn that Saturday at the library, but her hair was hidden, tied tightly within a tan-colored turban, and she had dispensed with make-up. Her face was whiter than I'd ever seen it, and a golden bridge of freckles, hitherto unsuspected, ran across her nose.

She held dark glasses in her hand, but even if she'd had them on it wouldn't have made any difference. I'd have known her anywhere—her chin and the curve of her mouth.

We couldn't stay here forever, just staring at one another. The store was a grocery, and I went in. Marilyn was alone in the front. She had been buying candy bars—she held two of them in her hand—and she wasn't pleased to see me. "I might have known you'd show up," she said. "Well, you're too late—see?"

Not quite. There was a small case at her feet, but she was still here in the flesh. I said, "But, Marilyn, we've all been so frightened—we've looked everywhere for you. You must have known we would."

She said, "I knew. That's why I kept out of sight. I didn't want to be found—get it? I know when I'm well off. That's why I'm getting off now—alive!"

She was a different Marilyn than I'd ever seen, harder, grim almost in her determination. Helplessly I said, "But you can't go. Not if you know something. You've no right. You don't need to be frightened—the police will protect you."

"I'm not trusting the police," she said shortly. "Maybe I'm scared—all right, maybe I've a right to be. Janet Metcalfe found out something and she's dead, isn't she? Well, I'm not dying. I'm staying alive, and I'm getting out of Edgewater. I'm going east where I've got friends. They'll look after me."

"You can't," I said feebly. "The police are looking for you—they'll stop you."

"They haven't stopped me yet," she said and that was true. "And I guess they won't now. Go ahead and call them if that's what's in your mind. They'll be too late. You've only seen me—you don't know where I'm going nor how—by train or bus or plane, or by private car, or by just plain hitchhiking—and I'm not telling. Maybe, after this thing cracks open I'll drop you a postcard. In the meantime, I've got to go. Here's my car."

A car was indeed alighting up to the kerbing; its horn honked twice and Marilyn reached for her case.

I came out of my momentary paralysis to protest: "But you can't—Marilyn, even if you do think you ought to go, you could tell me. What is it you know?"

She shook her head. "No. Maybe it isn't anything important at all. I could be wrong—maybe. But, wrong or not, I'm not throwing it at you. Even just thinking you've got information on a murder's no fun. You wouldn't like it and I'm not kidding, Linda. You wouldn't like it."

I stood there like an idiot. I didn't know what to say or do. I couldn't very well hang on to her and scream. She was bigger than I anyway and she had an air of determination.

She had her hand on the door-knob now. She said, "How'd you happen to get down this way anyway? With Andy—I ought to have guessed. Listen, Linda, there's one thing you can do. You can sort of let it get around that I don't know anything and that even if I did—which I don't—that I'm not talking. Understand?"

Well, I didn't. But I nodded. It seemed the thing to do.

She gave a short laugh. She said, "You'd better—if you know what's good for you. And, Linda, make it plain that I didn't tell you anything either. Because if you don't and anybody should sort of get the idea that maybe you knew something, too, there might be another corpse in the library."

She grinned briefly, with her lips only, and was out and running for the car. A hand reached back and opened a door. She slipped inside. I thought I glimpsed a momentary flicker of her glove and that was all. The car slid away.

To be continued

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THEY CAN COOK . . .

Our French mannequins talk about food

BON jour, Madame," said the politely smiling Pacquerette, Nicole, Carole, and Monique as, in turn, they greeted me.

"How do you do?" I replied, and as they paused inquiringly, quickly I said I wanted to talk to them not about clothes—but about food . . . Were they very interested in food? Could they cook? Did they like cooking? What did they think of our food?

Instantaneously (and much to my surprise), the quartet broke into delighted, exclamatory chatter—all in French, of course—and clustered round.

Exclaiming that she adored good food, that she was a brilliant cook, Pacquerette seated herself beside me and started peeling an orange. Slant-eyed Carole, the more serious little Nicole, and the vibrant, amber-eyed Monique, all talking together, artlessly draped themselves on the floor at my feet. I thought: They love clothes, but, goodness me, how they adore food!

Pacquerette, catching my eye, said eagerly: "I must tell you my favorite dessert . . . Crepe la Madeleine—it's heavenly."

"Is it like Crepe Suzette?"

"No, no," she said, "you make it so . . ." and between the quick consumption of one orange and the peeling of the next gave me the recipe. Here it is:

Crepe la Madeleine: Six eggs, 8 soup-spoons flour, 6 soup-spoons sugar, 6 soup-spoons milk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, few drops vanilla.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat whites stiffly; add sugar and yolks. Fold in sifted flour, lemon rind, and vanilla. Pour into greased charlotte russe mould, bake 30 to 35 minutes in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Serve immediately with tangy lemon or chocolate sauce.

Then Nicole (who has a little daughter of close on two years with the pretty name of Odile), watching Pacquerette with the orange, said: "When a mother friend of mine in Paris tried to give her three-year-old son an orange he shrieked, he was so terrified of the yellow ball. No oranges were to be had during the war, and very, very few even now."

"You are so—so lucky—here," she sighed. "I would like my baby to



VERY MUCH at home in our model kitchen . . . Pacquerette makes her favorite dessert, Crepe la Madeleine, while Monique looks on. See recipe on this page.

be rosy-cheeked like your children. They are so strong and so healthy. You have much to be thankful for in Australia.

"Even now, when I get an egg for my baby I cannot have the milk, although we have the special ration card."

I looked long at little Nicole—the sophisticated look of the mannequin had left her, she was all mother-tenderness and a little sad, I thought.

To keep up her energy, to fortify herself for her work, plus the care of her baby, Nicole told me that

By EYE GYE, Editor of Our Homemaker Department

she cuts up raw steak very, very finely, breaks into it a raw egg, seasons and then eats it.

Carole said: "Oh, the food was short in Paris. During the occupation we lived mostly on spaghetti and potatoes boiled in a lot of water. And always when eating all this potage I used to think of grilled steak—steak highly seasoned with pepper, cooked sharply on the outside with the gravy oozing from it."

"And sometimes I longed for eggs in the way my mother cooked them for me when I was a little girl."

"She used to boil two, oh, so lightly, spoon them from shells into a cup, add a little butter and season-

ing, and I ate them with wafers of thin toast. And the first egg I did get after the occupation, which cost me 35 francs (about 3/6 Australian), I cooked and ate in that way. There is no nicer way," Carole told me.

Carole likes cooking, and she, too, gave me a recipe for a favorite dish, "La Cotelette." Here it is:

La Cotelette: Brown on both sides as many veal cutlets as required, in a pan, hot, with a little melted butter. Add salt and pepper. Remove cutlets. Now add chopped tomatoes, spot of garlic (or some shredded onion), parsley, and any other desired seasoning, including salt and pepper, to the pan and cook gently over very low heat.

Place cutlets in casserole dish, pour over the sauce from the pan, and cook in moderate oven for 7 or 8 minutes, garnish, serve hot.

Monique's great effort in the culinary world is chocolate creams. She doesn't like cooking, because she makes such big mistakes and gets too many dishes and spoons round her.

All four girls consider we overcook grills and roast beef. They think meat is better underdone—sharply browned on the outside, but red on the inside. Mutton they know little about—don't like it as much as beef.

"Our fruit, of course—" "marvellous." And so many eggs . . . the wonderful salad ingredients. "Ah, it is a land of plenty!"

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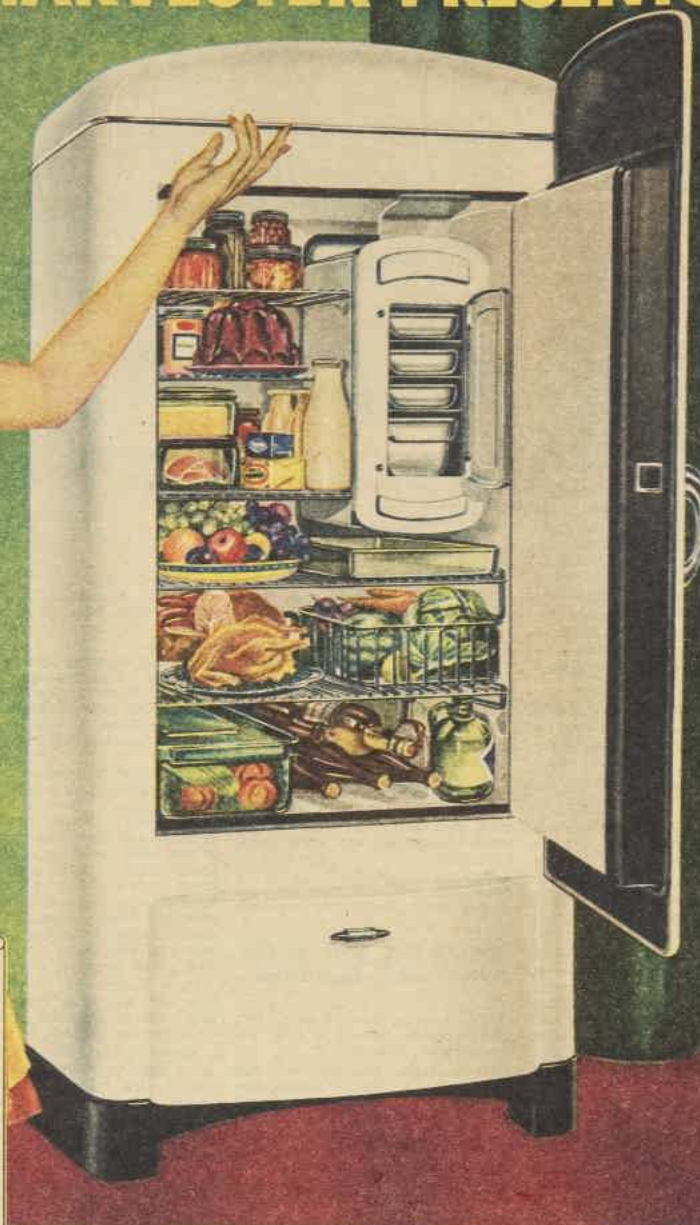
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The new "Defender" Household Refrigerator has *eye appeal* in every line of its streamlined glossy white beauty. You'll be proud to own and use this up-to-the-minute household refrigerator. Note the roomy food compartment, the large shelf area, and the convenient 4-drawer, 80-cube icemaker . . . Imagine all the pleasing and health-giving benefits this modern refrigerator service can bring to you and your family . . . Deliciously flavoured ice creams, crystal clear ice cubes and refreshing cold drinks are so easy to serve . . . Crisp salads, luscious fruits, meats and poultry, can be kept delightfully fresh, with their full flavours and health-giving vitamins safely preserved. "Defender" is a wonderful convenience in the kitchen . . . It also prevents waste and will save you money when shopping, because you can buy foodstuffs at better prices in quantities and keep them fresh longer.

No longer a luxury, household refrigeration is essential to the family health and well-being. To meet this evergrowing need for household refrigeration in the FARM, TOWN or CITY HOME, International Harvester is pleased to present the "Defender." Over many years, International Harvester has won renown in industry and agriculture for its high-quality products and dependable

Capacity 5½ cubic feet.		
Operates on kerosene.	Motorless.	No moving parts.
Permanently Silent.	Trouble free.	Economical.

service—This long-established high reputation backs every "Defender" Household Refrigerator; and remember, too, the freezing unit of every "Defender" refrigerator is guaranteed for 5 years. These are the keynotes of International Harvester's recommendation to the lady of the household who wants the best in household refrigeration, whether for farm or city home, to investigate first the "Defender." Only limited supplies are available at present, so you'll be wise to make your enquiries now from your nearest International Harvester Agent; he will be glad to tell you all about the new "Defender" Household Refrigerator.

"Defender" Keeps Good Food Good.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.
(INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA)
BRANCHES IN ALL CAPITAL CITIES FACTORY GEELONG



See Your Nearest International Harvester Agent now for full particulars

Always Wakes - up
HAPPY
and
BRIGHT



"Feeding upsets" so easily pull baby down yet they are so unnecessary. At teething time you should give the child Ashton & Parsons' Infants' Powders. In the safest and simplest way, they allay irritation, cool the blood, and keep the motions regular. Baby feels fine and teething passes without worry.

Box of 20 Powders - 1/6

Ashton & Parsons'
INFANTS' POWDERS



KEEP FIT
-and so can you!

Take Beecham's Pills regularly... that's the natural way to a clear, healthy complexion, bright eyes and a happy disposition. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable.

1/- and 2/6 per box.

**Beecham's
Pills**

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

**Drink Craving
Destroyed**

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucrasy has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 50 years. Harmless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required. Posted in plain wrapper.

Price 20/- Full Course
Dept. W, EUCRASY CO.
227 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

**BE IMMUNE FROM
COLDS TEN DAYS
FROM NOW**

Here is the common sense way to avoid the common cold—and influenza. You "catch" these troublesome complaints because your "natural resistance" is too low. Reinforce these protective powers with Anti-Bi-San Tablets. They provide preventive ingredients for absorption into the blood stream. Take 'Anti-Bi-San' for three days only. After seven days you will normally be immune from infection for three months. There are no disturbing "after effects." Ask your chemist for

'ANTI-BI-SAN'
COLD AND INFLUENZA PREVENTIVE TABLETS
11/3 Adult; 9/- Child.

Write for leaflet to
Sole Distributors: Fessett & Johnson Ltd.,
3640 Chalmers Street, Sydney, N.S.W.



FREESIAS—fragrant and lovely—are short-stemmed and somewhat difficult to arrange—but in the accompanying story you will read of Australian-raised hybrids with stems 2ft. long!

Grow them . . .

LOVELY FREESIAS

● Superb freesias can be raised by saving seed and sowing it round about November—provided you select the best each year and discard the rest.

—SAYS OUR HOME GARDENER

THIS time last year I was browsing through the garden-nursery of Mr. Fred M. Danks, of Canterbury, Victoria, and saw the wonderful work he has already accomplished by saving seed of the biggest and best types of freesias.

Nothing rubbishy gets a second look. It is ruthlessly removed and burned. But those big, fringed, wide-open trumpets, or super-freesias, as I nicknamed them on the spot, bore as much resemblance to the miserable little blooms one usually sees as a wild rose would compare with a modern bloom that has passed through the hands of one of our master hybridists.

His fringed freesias actually resembled small day-lilies (hemerocallis) both in shape and color, some of them being deep apricot. But he also had some very fine pinks, mauves, and sunset shades. A more valuable characteristic that I noticed, however, was the stout, long stems and the fact that the blooms stood almost upright, instead of hanging their heads in the dust.

In a recent letter Mr. Danks tells me that his crop this year has been extraordinarily fine, the blooms being

magnificent and stems 24in. to 28in. long.

Our common or garden Freesia refracts and its hybrids sink into obscurity with their 6in. stems when compared with such giants, and it is obvious that Mr. Danks is doing as much with this fragrant, lovely flower family as he has already done with Iceland poppies, polyanthus, lupins, bearded irises, and delphiniums.

And now that the war has ended, many of the Canterbury-raised bearded irises and freesias are to migrate to Holland, where they will be grown and judged by the famous Dutch specialists, van Tubergen and Gruellmann.

Mr. Danks, who is one of Australia's leading and most painstaking flower hybridists, is of opinion that in these new freesias he has material which will go a long way toward enhancing Australia's reputation overseas.

Gardeners who have allowed this season's freesias to go to seed are advised to let it ripen and sow it in good loamy ground round about November. Plants raised from seed will be found to produce flowers of superior quality and size to those raised from old bulbs.

The seedlings flower the same season if sown early enough.

More hope for T.B. sufferers

BY MEDICO

"WHAT are the chances of the scientists finding a cure for T.B.?" asked Jean Withby, whose mother had been a sufferer for many years. "They have never been brighter," I told her. "Steady work is going on in America and Britain which gives great promise."

"The sulphur drugs and penicillin seem to have brought other diseases under control; why has T.B. not yielded to their attack?" asked Jean. I explained to Jean that the bacteria of T.B. have a waxy coating which helps them to resist the effect of drugs.

I also told her that scientists were working on a drug of the sulphur family known as promin, which has a slight curative effect, but it tends to poison the red cells and cause anaemia when given in doses big enough to be helpful.

Penicillin is an extract from a mould, but an extract of a fungus which grows in soil has been found to give some benefit.

This fungus extract is called streptomycin. In common with penicillin, streptomycin is passed out of the body through the kidneys.

Streptomycin for that reason has its best effect when T.B. is located in the kidneys.

There is a third line of study which follows on the methods used for leprosy. A drug which dissolves

this waxy coating is called a fatty acid. Various fatty acids are being tried for their power of dissolving the waxy coating.

A combination of promin and streptomycin is giving good results, even in doses much lower than that used when given separately. The principle of the pinners' action—attacking a disease from two ways at once—has never before been tried out with tuberculosis, and it may be the answer to the problem.

Possibly in about twelve months we'll have good news. But this time the cure will be well tried out before it is made available. We have been disappointed before with tuberculin, gold, and serum, and it is a crime falsely to raise the hopes of the sufferers.

We realise now the difficulties of cure, not only because of the waxy coating, but also on account of the wall of scar tissue which the body builds up round the "spots" of T.B., especially in the lung.

The best treatment at present is rest, and what is called collapse treatment. This is the shrinking up of the affected lung by injecting air into the chest wall or even the flattening of the chest wall by surgical means.

Finally, I would say this: Tuberculosis is a family affair, and everyone in contact with a case of T.B. should have his or her chest X-rayed every year.

NERVY, RUNDOWN

MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN



Extra minerals in **BIDOMAK** will build you up. Make this 14 day, no-risk test, and see how quickly you regain health, good spirits and feel on top of the world again.

A husband who is irritable and edgy can't concentrate on his work and has no energy for enjoyment. A wife worries, has sleepless nights, and finds the housework getting her down. A youngster who is nervous, lacks vigour, and just picks at his food—these people are really half-sick, but they don't realise it. They need the rich, red blood cells and extra minerals that **BIDOMAK** will give them. **BIDOMAK** is guaranteed to do this in 16 days, at costs nothing . . . and here's the reason:

BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS

Such disorders are often caused by the impoverished blood stream, starved for minerals. Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, and contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, nerve, bone, and tissue in your body.

MINERAL STARVATION MAY CAUSE MANY DISORDERS

A mineral deficiency in the blood stream is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nerve troubles": Weakness, lassitude, nervousness, irritability, "depressed feeling," brain fog, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache, and stomach troubles.

NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH

When you get enough of these minerals the results of mineral de-

ciency disappear, and you regain health as a natural consequence. The scientist who perfected **BIDOMAK** combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium, and potassium. Then he added Calcium Copper and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT

If you are suffering from mineral deficiency, **BIDOMAK** thus makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and pains leave you. Work is no longer a burden—play is fun. You lose that "light" feeling at the back of the neck. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally, and you wake refreshed, instead of "screwed-up" mentally and tired physically. The whole system is braced up—as a natural result of revitalized nerves and arteries recharged with new, rich, red blood cells.

NO RISK TEST

Try pleasant-to-take **BIDOMAK** for 14 days—if you do not feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement in your health, the trial is absolutely free and your money is refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle within 14 days of purchase to the Douglas Drug Co., Geelong Street, Sydney. Get guaranteed **BIDOMAK** to-day.



THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY.

Bidomak

FOR NERVES, BRAIN, AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING.



When it's your turn to suffer—take a hint from thousands of women and remember it's time for **MYZONE** . . .

MEN CAN'T REALISE—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month, when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of little **Myzone** tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For **Myzone's** special **Asterin** (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known.

PAIN
you
can't
explain'

YOU HAVE TO
TELL A
"white lie"

★ Just take two **Myzone** tablets with water or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort . . . absolutely safe—notice how there is no "doping." At all chemists.

TRY
MYZONE
WITH YOUR VERY NEXT
"PAIN"



3 NEW TWISTS FOR A 3-WAY FAVOURITE

The One Recipe makes winners for breakfast, tea and dinner! Oven-proved by Marjory Carter, "Aerophos" Cookery Expert.



1

Delicious dinner sweet — easy to prepare! Scooped and filled with whipped or mock cream, or ice cream, and topped with sliced fruit, berries or chocolate sauce.



2

Iced or plain — two sure ways to delight friends for tea at 4 o'clock.



3

Give a "lift" to the first meal of the day. Add 1 cup bran and an extra half cup of milk. Serve hot with marmalade or fruit.



"AEROPHOS"

Regd. Trade Mark

is the Self-Raising Ingredient

IN ALL LEADING BRANDS OF SELF-RAISING FLOUR & BAKING POWDER

"AEROPHOS" is the registered trade mark of Albright & Wilson (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

THREE-WAY CUP CAKES

- 8 ozs. self-raising flour containing "Aerophos".
- 3 or 4 drops flavoring essence.
- 1 teaspoon grated orange or lemon rind.
- 4 ozs. butter or substitute.
- 4 ozs. castor sugar or soft brown sugar.
- 3 eggs.
- 1 cup milk.

Sift flour. Cream essence or grated rind, butter and sugar. Slowly add half beaten egg mixture. Stir in half the sifted flour then remainder of beaten egg and the milk and then remaining flour. Bake in greased patty tins or in paper cases in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

May be served hot with marmalade or fruit for breakfast, iced or plain for 4 o'clock tea, scooped and filled with whipped or mock cream or ice cream and topped with sliced fruit, berries or chocolate sauce as a dinner sweet. When making for breakfast add 1 cup bran and an extra half cup milk—makes half dozen.

THIS IS THE "A & W" SEAL

Many brands of self-raising flour and baking powder show the "A. & W." Seal on the packet as a guarantee that it contains only "Aerophos" as the raising ingredient.





TO GRACE YOUR TABLE . . . on special occasions

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food and Cookery Experts

CELEBRATION luncheon, dinner, or supper parties call for russy food to please the eye and tickle the palate . . . Poached cod a la Reine, peach chiffon shortcake, alpine salad (illustrated on this page) are just the dishes to do both!

"It's a poor heart that never rejoices," and as far back as the Dark Ages sharing good food with

others has been the traditional way of expressing joy.

You'll find that fussy dishes make demands on your time and imagination, but are not necessarily a strain on the budget.

Any one of the dishes illustrated, any one of the recipes listed would grace special-occasion luncheon or dinner parties.

Continued on page 46

Raising the
Standard of Home
Beauty



QUICK ENAMEL

With colours flying Quick Enamel will make drab furniture gay. Easy to apply, it dries glossy as glass.



ODD-MOMENT DISHES...

● The accent this week is on recipes for odd moments—scones, a cake, fine potato salad, fish dish... all win prizes for readers.

THE savory scones are timely—tomato puree is once again available in unlimited quantities... Do make them.

Why not enter this popular recipe contest? Cash prizes awarded every week.

CHEESE AND TOMATO SCONES

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch of sugar, 1 cup grated cheese, 1½ tablespoons melted shortening, 3 tablespoons tomato puree or sauce, water to make up to 2 cup liquid.

Sift self-raising flour and salt, add sugar, cheese, melted shortening. Mix to soft dough with tomato puree and water. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly, roll or press to 1½ inch thickness. Cut with floured knife or cutter, place on tray lightly floured or greased. Bake in hot oven (450 deg. F.) 12-15 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Petters, No. 3 The Delta, 76 Moray St., New Farm, Brisbane.

CARAMEL CAKE

CAKE: Half cup of shortening, few drops of vanilla, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1½ cups self-raising flour, salt, about 1 cup milk.

ICING: Two cups brown sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon shortening.

Cake: Cream shortening and sugar, add vanilla, lemon rind, then eggs

(one at a time), and beat well. Sift flour and salt, fold in alternately with milk. Turn into greased loaf or bar tin, bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 40 to 45 minutes. Turn carefully on to cooler. When cold top with caramel icing.

Icing: Place all ingredients in saucepan and bring to boil. Boil steadily 6-8 minutes. Beat until thick enough to pour on to cake, allow to set. Sprinkle with nuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Prince, 1 Adam St., Cootamundra, N.S.W.

AMERICAN-STYLE POTATO SALAD

Four cups cooked cubed potatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 cup salad oil or substitute, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons each of onion, chopped par-boiled green pepper, and sweet pickles, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup salad dressing or substitute, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley for garnishing.

Shake salad oil and vinegar well together, pour over potatoes in salad bowl lined with lettuce leaves. Allow to stand 1 hour. Combine all other ingredients (except egg and parsley for garnishing), lightly and carefully fold into salad; avoid breaking potatoes. Chill before serving. Decorate with finely chopped parsley, sliced or chopped hard-boiled eggs.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. F. Werth, Station St., Helidon, Qld.



MAKE THIS delicious American-style potato salad, which wins a prize in this week's recipe contest.

WHITE FISH CURRY

One pound cooked white fish, 2oz. spaghetti (or rice), 1 dessertspoon margarine, 1 apple, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 cup milk, 1oz. desiccated coconut.

Cook spaghetti in boiling salted water about 15 minutes. Drain spaghetti. Melt margarine, add finely chopped apple, onion; fry lightly, add flour, curry powder. Cook for 2 or 3 minutes, add milk (in which coconut has been standing), stir till boiling. Add lemon juice, salt, pinch brown sugar, drained spaghetti. Fold in flaked fish, stir gently, being careful not to break fish. Serve on hot dish, garnish with lemon and parsley.

This recipe won the main prize of £1 last week for Miss E. Partridge, c/o G. E. Moore, 264 Pitt St., Sydney.



EASY TO MAKE—cheese and tomato scones. See prize recipe.

SHOPPERS

by BEE



To grace your table...

Continued from page 45

POACHED COD A LA REINE

Two pounds smoked cod, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 3 cups milk, 2 tablespoons chopped par-boiled celery, 2 tablespoons chopped par-boiled capsicum, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice. For garnishing: Hard-boiled eggs, capsicum strips, lemon, parsley, paprika.

Wash fish well, cut into service-sized pieces. Cover with cold water, bring to boil. Drain; place pieces in shallow baking-pan, add one cup of the milk, cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven, 350 degrees, 20 to 25 minutes until flesh is soft, white, and flaky. Meanwhile, melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes over low heat. Add balance of milk, stir until boiling. Fold in celery, capsicum, eggs, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne. Serve poached fish on hot dish, coat with sauce, garnish with hard-boiled eggs, parsley, lemon, strips of capsicum. Dust lightly with paprika. For five or six.

ALPINE SALAD

Half a young cauliflower, 1 cup cubed carrot, 1 cup green peas, lettuce leaves, celery, mayonnaise.

Wash cauliflower well, break into flowerets, simmer 5 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain and chill. Place carrots and peas into warm, salted water, simmer 15 minutes. Drain and chill. Arrange cauliflower, carrots, and peas in crisp lettuce cups; garnish with curled celery; mayonnaise in separate bowl.

PEACH CHIFFON SHORTCAKE

Shortcake: Three ounces butter or margarine, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg-yolk, 3 tablespoons milk, 5oz. self-raising flour, 1oz. cornflour, pinch salt.

Chiffon Filling: One heaped teaspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons water, 2 tablespoons peach syrup, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt.

Shortcake: Cream butter or margarine with sugar and lemon rind. Add beaten egg-yolk mixed with milk. Fold in sifted self-raising flour, cornflour, and salt. Spread evenly in 2 well-greased 7in. sandwich tins. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven, 375 degrees. When quite cold, join and top with filling, sliced peaches, strawberries.

Chiffon Filling: Soak gelatine in

water. Place syrup, lemon juice, half the sugar, and the egg-yolk into a basin. Stir over boiling water until slightly thickened. Add soaked gelatine, stand basin in bowl of ice, stir occasionally while cooling. When cool fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with salt and balance of sugar.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

Two dozen oysters, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon finely minced celery, 1 teaspoon finely minced shallot, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup tomato juice, 2 cups fine white breadcrumbs, 2 level tablespoons grated cheese.

Grease an ovenproof dish, sprinkle thickly with breadcrumbs. Melt butter, add celery and shallot; shake over low heat 5 minutes. Add flour, salt, and pepper, stir 2 or 3 minutes. Add milk, stir until boiling. Remove from heat, cool slightly, carefully fold in tomato juice a little at a time. Bead the oysters, place half in prepared casserole, cover with crumbs, pour half the sauce

over. Add balance of oysters, top with crumbs and balance of sauce. Finish with a layer of crumbs mixed with grated cheese. Place in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot garnished with lemon wedges, parsley.

CHICKEN A LA WELLINGTON

One chicken, clean fat, oil, or margarine for frying, 1 extra tablespoon fat, 1 cup diced vegetables, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, good pinch pepper, 2 cups stock or water, 1 teaspoon vinegar, pinch herbs, 2 tablespoons sweet chutney.

Cut chicken into service-sized pieces, brown lightly in hot fat, oil, or margarine. Drain well. Melt the extra tablespoon fat in a saucepan, add prepared vegetables, fry lightly. Add flour, pepper, and salt, allow to brown. Add water, or stock, vinegar, herbs, stir until boiling. Simmer, closely covered, for 1 hour. Rub through coarse sieve or strainer, return to pan with chutney and chicken pieces. Correct seasoning, cover, simmer 1½-2 hours. Serve hot with creamed potatoes, greens.



UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

Ah-h-h!
here comes my
Lactogen



Maud
J. H. H.
F. H. H.

. . . it's the safe, certain food for growing babies

THERE is nothing so important to baby's future development as correct feeding, and as he grows older and becomes more active he requires a food containing a higher protein content. That is the time to put him on Lactogen—the complete and balanced infants' food. Lactogen contains all the vital food elements necessary for building strong bones, firm flesh and healthy muscles during those early, all-important formative years, and it is readily assimilated by the most delicate digestive system. Not only is there more good in Lactogen, baby gets more good out of it. Recommended by doctors, used by nurses, Lactogen is the safe, certain food for growing infants.

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LACTOGEN
contains added Vitamins A and D—to guard against infection and promote sound growth.

LACTOGEN
contains added organic iron in the correct proportion to guard against anaemia.

LACTOGEN
is easy to prepare—just place the measured amount of Lactogen on top of warm (previously boiled) water and whisk.

LACTOGEN
is easily digested, because Nestlé's exclusive spray process of manufacture ensures a soft, fine curd that is more easily assimilated by baby's delicate stomach.



LACTOGEN is safe, because it is sealed against contamination by dust or germs, and unaffected by changing weather conditions.



Light, yet warm, her "pretty-as-a-picture" Sun-glo knitted frock protects her from the unexpected chill that can mar the most perfect spring day. Design No. 3077 from Sun-glo Knitting Book Series No. 87 which contains simple instructions for kiddies' frocks, little boys and girls' jumpers, cardigans and pullovers. Sun-glo Shrinkproof Knitting Wools are manufactured in Australia by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills. Sun-glo Knitting Books available all retailers, newsagents 7d. each or 8jd. POSTED. Frock Book or Children's Book, 1/3, or 1/4jd. POSTED. Or order direct from "Knitting Book Department", Alexandria Spinning Mills Pty. Ltd., 30 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.

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Please send me Free Folder showing all designs in your latest Knitting Books. I enclose 1jd. in stamps for postage.

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Please write your name and address in block letters. S.G. 27

It's easy... when BACKACHE gets better!

You've had to struggle with the housework, feeling absolutely done up with backache. Of course you have; and you know the wonderful relief when backache gets better. And when the trouble is due to sluggish kidneys you do get relief from De Witt's Pills. Then housework really does seem easy.

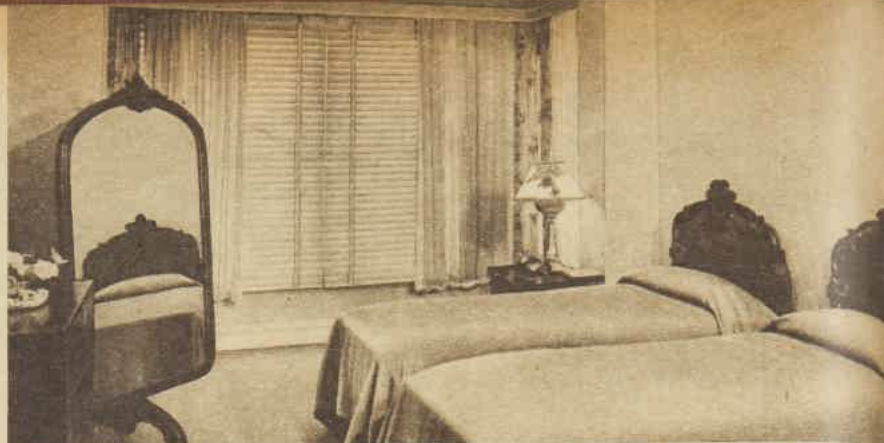
If your kidneys need toning up... if they are failing to trap and expel poisons and impurities and you're getting backache because of it... you can (and you should) do something about it. Turn to DeWitt's Pills for help. They are specially prepared to act directly on the kidneys. They help cleanse these vital organs of poisonous

accumulations, and stimulate them to full activity.

The great advantage of this trusted family medicine is that it not only relieves the backache but helps to clear up one common cause of it. Ask your chemist for a bottle of De Witt's Pills to-day.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to relieve the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Joint Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 3/- and 5/6.



ABOVE: Attractive bedroom. Note extended windows with their attractive curtains and venetian blinds. The blinds were bought second-hand, dismantled, cut to fit, scrubbed, painted, and re-strapped. The bed-heads were taken from old Victorian mahogany chifoniers.

RIGHT: Old kitchen becomes lovely dining-room. Wall-light is a cut-down gas-bracket of good design. Cedar chairs and table, found in a dilapidated state, were reconditioned and french polished.



THESE special drawers keep coffee cups safe and of easy access. Shallow cupboard also line walls of kitchen, which was once a small bedroom. Glass "stable" door regulates light and air.



THE BEDROOM fireplace makes an excellent built-in cupboard for shoes to be hidden away by plain white doors. Note also the home-made but efficient drawers above shoe-racks. These hold accessories.



THIS portable work-box was made from an old broken-down organ-case of American walnut, picked up in a junk shop. Polished to a nicety, it adds novel charm to the home.

Drab house now haven of charm

By NORA S. McDOUGALL
Our Home Decorator

THE home pictured here of Mr. and Mrs. Darcy Robinson, of Bellevue Hill, N.S.W., was created when they bought, some years ago, a small, unprepossessing semi-detached type of cottage on the side of a sandy hill.

Professional plans seemed to lack imagination and fees were too high for the alterations they wanted. So the owners decided they could save much, as well as getting pleasure and relaxation in a trying time, by doing it themselves.

For four years or more these two people have worked in their spare time from war jobs to produce these interiors, of which any architect, builder, or cabinet-maker would be proud.

What is more, they commenced with little knowledge of the different trades except commonsense, determination, and enthusiasm.

New materials being well-nigh impossible to obtain, they searched the second-hand shops and sales for the things they needed for the job.

The house was dark and dirty, but the foundations solid, windows small, the woodwork heavy, the fireplace inadequate and lined with green glazed tiles decorated in pink roses; the overmantel large and ornate. Every door and window possessed an ungainly transom (fan-light). The doors themselves were four-panel "dust-catchers," kitchen large and without much light, bathroom something from another day and age.

So on this monstrosity they went to work. Off came the overmantels, the dark picture rails, the doors were taken down and remade with two panels. The transoms were taken out and the space filled in.

The fireplace was enlarged and relieved of its pink and green tiles. But no simple stone moulding could be bought to take their place, so the only thing to do was to MAKE one. A cradle was built and a moulding of cement, fashioned by hand, was made to resemble sandstone. Firedogs were forged from old cartwheel rims.

Windows in both living-room and bedroom were enlarged to show the view. The walls were cut back about 12in. and to the depth of 4in., enabling the curtains to fit into the wall and the rods to tuck away out of sight without needing the addition of a cornice board or valance.

This also gives the full use of the window space and protects curtains from the light and sun.

The hall is narrow but has interesting turnings and a sense of greater space has been given by the white walls and the plain mushroom-colored carpet which covers the floor throughout.

The high ceiling has been "lowered" by painting it a soft chrome-yellow—taking its color from the curtains of the living-room seen through the doors.



LIVING-ROOM with a view in the Darcy Robinson home: The massive window, taking nearly the whole wall, gives a delightful panoramic view. Wall is recessed on either side of window so that curtains fit snugly. Base of china cabinet was part of an old stair rail.



LEFT: Another view of living-room. Note chandeliers. Odd pieces of piping were bent around tree-trunk to obtain required shape. Centre sphere is a discarded cistern-ball from a horse-trough. Decorative leaves and candle protectors were cut from a kerosene tin, covered with potters' clay, painted white. The shades are also home-made.

Color plays a tremendous part in the whole scheme of the house. The walls of the living-room are the palest duck-egg green and all woodwork is white. The curtains, printed with a bold floral design in lightest to darkest shades of henna and green, are set against a rich chrome-yellow background.

The large couch and chairs are upholstered in a plain yellow beige which blends with the curtains and carpet. The odd chairs are either deep henna or green.

Accents of color given by the pottery in the niche, china cabinet, flowers, and cushions tie the scheme together.

The charm of the bedroom lies in the walls of palest apricot, which make a perfect setting for the mahogany furniture, the pale china-blue of the bedspreads, and the blue curtains, their floral motifs of pinks, reds, and greens showing up like jewels against the light of the windows.

PREVENTION OF SICKNESS IN INFANCY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

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A leaflet on the subject of prevention of sickness in early infancy can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.



THIS PICTURE shows the quaint angles of the narrow hallway. The old white china door-knobs and finger-plates throughout the house are relieved of their whiteness by appropriate transfers in gay colors. Note flower-filled "welcome" bowl on wall.

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F4423—For afternoon or evening wear you could not go wrong with the lovely frock featured here. The large bow at the waist and knife-pleated skirt are so smart. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2 yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

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